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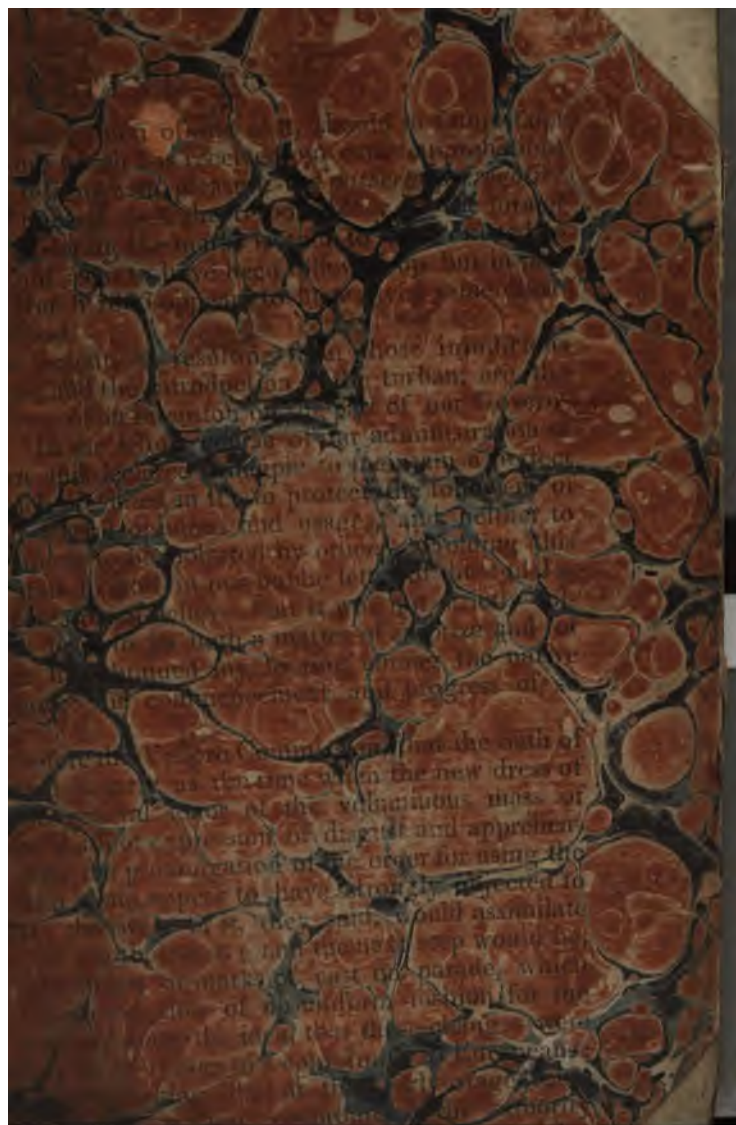
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# MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier. PIERPOINT.





# MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier PIERPOINT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



L O N D O N :

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Chevalier PIERPOINT.

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CHAP. I.


**A**T the time of the conquest of the kingdom of Valencia, 1704, I was born at a pleasant seat of my father's near Bristol. My father was knight of Santa Seraphina, a Mexican order, with which one of the vice-kings

VOL. I.

B

had

had honoured him and his son, who should succeed him; the vice-king being a near relation of my mother's, who was descended from a younger branch of a noble family in the kingdom of Granada. My father was unfortunately killed at Barcelona, and my mother did not long survive him. As I had a right to the ornamental mark of the order of Santa Seraphina, it was put on me in my childhood; and thenceforward, I was always stiled The Young Chevalier Pierpoint. I had an uncle, a merchant, at Bristol. Though my father and he had differed in political opinions, *that* had not hindered a great harmony from subsisting always between



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Chevalier PIERPOINT. 3

tween them in other things. My uncle was grown rich by traffic, and as he did not seem inclined to marry, it was more than probable, that *I should be heir to his riches.* He was left my guardian, and he fulfilled that charge with the greatest honour. He took possession of my father's country house, and bred me up under the care of private tutors till I was seventeen. From that time to the age of three-and-twenty, I spent my time in country diversions, reading and acquiring the several languages of Europe, of which I became a perfect master. When I was full three-and-twenty, my uncle sent me to Paderborn in

B 2      Germany,

4.      M E M O I R S of the  
Germany, to be some time with  
an excellent philosopher, his friend,  
whose name was Swenitz. He was  
a Swiss by birth, had acquired a  
genteel subsistence, having been  
travelling governor to two or three  
German counts and barons, who  
had made his fortune. My uncle  
had got acquainted with him,  
when he was upon a tour through  
England, having transacted some  
money affairs for the young count,  
with whom he then travelled.

I went to Paderborn very willingly, being pleased with the thoughts of seeing a foreign country, and having the company of a man so eminent, as I was told, in polite learning. And, indeed, I

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 5

found him a very pleasant, as well as instructive companion. I had a natural turn to poetry, which he likewise loved ; and he instilled into me besides, a taste for gardening. Upon the side of a wood, about half a mile from his house, which stood a little out of the town, he had inclosed a spot of about three acres, where he had built a summer-house, and made walks and arbours. The large trees of that part, which he had inclosed, had been cut down some time before ; and now there was a number of young plants flourishing, and great plenty of strawberries. The old beeches beyond the enclosure, sheltered it from the

B 3 north-

## 6      M E M O I R S of the

north-winds, and presented a gloom, that was very pleasing both to the eye and ear, being filled with several sorts of birds, thrushes, gold-finches, shooting across the walks, besides a number of squirrels, leaping from branch to branch with surprising agility, amongst the verdure of the leaves.

I had been now about a month with the philosopher; when sitting one afternoon in the summer house, enjoying the scene about me, and reading the entertaining Ariosto, on a sudden I was surprised with the sight of two women passing by the window. One of them seemed the mistress, the other the attendant. The lady appeared  
about

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 7

about the age of one or two-and-twenty. She was dressed in a very genteel manner, though her gown was only a plain silk of a grave colour. She had something serious in her countenance, but at the same time great sweetness. Her hair was of a bright brown; her height somewhat exceeding the middling stature of her sex; and her motion and step were graceful. I had time to take a full view of her, as she stopped near my summer-house to look about her. I thought her a very charming object, and laid my book down to gaze upon her, from where I sat unseen. I could not imagine how they got there, because nobody had the key of the



8      M E M O I R S of the  
enclosure, but myself and the gardener, who looked after it; and I had strictly charged him not to let any body have it without acquainting me with it. I found myself by a secret attraction drawn from my summer-house, to meet the lady as she returned. Accordingly we met upon the turning of one of the walks. She seemed in some surprise, and said, she did not imagine I was there, otherwise she should not have interrupted me. Madam, I replied, so agreeable an interruption cannot but be welcome every where; I wish you may find any thing in this hermitage worthy your attention. I think, answered she, it is one of  
the


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Chevalier PIERPOINT. 9

the most agreeable places I ever beheld. I had often heard in my absence from this part of the country, of the improvements lately made here in this wood, and had great curiosity to see them. You see from hence that square stone house, about a mile from the town; there I live, when in this country; and am called the countess of Polinetz. I was extremely glad to hear that was the lady's name, for the philosopher Swenitz had highly commended her to me, and gave me a great desire to be acquainted with her. The count had married her, when she was but sixteen, and about three months after was called away  
to

50      M E M O I R S of the  
to the West Indies, to take possession of an estate left him by an uncle.—Upon his return, he was cast away near Cape Verde Islands, as it was certified, and drowned, with much riches. It was now seven years since she had lost him, and had lived in great retirement.

After having told me who she was, she thus proceeded: Having much curiosity, as I said, to see the improvement, I got my gardener to procure me the key from yours; and hither I came this afternoon, as it were by stealth, not expecting to find any body, as I had been assured that philosopher Swenitz and you were gone to a gentleman's seat for a few days. I dare say, the  
phi-



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**Chevalier PIERPOINT. 31**

philosopher, who was an intimate friend of my father's, but whom I have not seen a long time, will pardon my curiosity, because he knows I have great pleasure in every thing of this nature. I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most enchanting delights of life. A garden, said I, madam, was the habitation of those who lived in the Golden Age.

In discoursing on the scenes about us, we passed through divers walks, in order to take a view of the several parts of the verdant retreat. At length we arrived, insensibly, at the pavilion. I presented her with a seat to repose her-

12      M E M O I R S of the  
herself, and produced some tokay,  
pastillios, and fruits.

Madam, said I, I am charmed  
with having an opportunity of en-  
tertaining you in my hermitage.  
The philosopher Swenitz, with  
whom I have been this month, has  
often mentioned you, during that  
space of time, with great honour;  
and I blame myself for want of  
curiosity, in not endeavouring to  
see so much beauty before. These  
last words escaped me unawares,  
and caused her to blush, though  
she did not seem at all displeased.  
She turned the discourse, and,  
looking out upon the prospect,  
said :—We are here amongst both  
the sweet and noble scenes of Na-  
ture,

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 13.

ture, and have a rich prospect of Divine bounty. Our senses are feasted with their true objects; whereas in cities objects are to me less pleasing, because less natural. Pleasure, I replied, looks here, like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife; in cities, like a painted, false, glittering fair.

I wonder, said she, people should complain of a country life, as wanting entertainment. They know not how to spend their time. The least thought of solitude affrights them; and yet, surely, solitude is sometimes pleasing.

A great part of mankind, answered I, have but little relish for any but violent pleasures. The  
calm

14      M E M O I R S of the

calm and innocent pleasures of the country suit them not. The mind must be in an innocent and tranquil state, before it can be sensible of rural beauties. Place, for instance, an ambitious person in the finest scene imaginable, amongst the most beautiful variety of orange, myrtle, pomegranate, laurel-trees, a profusion of flowers, whose fragrances embalm the air, the music of nightingales, bleating flocks feeding on green pastures, divided by shining rivulets; in a word, such a scene as Ariosto here could describe: all these are fine things, indeed; but there is no intrigue in them, no bustle, no pageantry. And how shameful is  
it


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Chevalier PIERPOINT. 15

it to complain, that our time lies heavy upon our hands, when there are so many innocent diversions to fill up the empty spaces of it! Music, painting, architecture, gardening, reading instructive and entertaining authors, will do it usefully and pleasantly. A person, answered she, that has a taste for these things, seems to me like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish for those arts. For my part, I have been used to the country for a long time;—gardening, planting, music, reading—have been my principal employments;—whence I have never felt any thing of that tedious lonesomeness some complain of.



Fair countess, said I, your happiness is to be envied. I imagine, you must have a delightful garden, since you take so much pleasure in one. My garden, answered the countess, consists of but a few acres: its form is very irregular; but the bounds of it appear no where. It is planted with all manner of fruit trees and flowers; even with all those flowers I can pick up in the fields, provided they are beautiful. The birds have a peaceful receptacle in it; and having fruits, springs, and shade, never forsake it: so that, in the season, my walks are filled with a constant quire of natural music. And with *that* I think myself well repaid for  
my



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my fruit, to which they are very welcome, though I take care always to partake with them. In some places my garden is embellished with parterres, and the inventions of art : in others, it grows in a wild luxuriancy. Betwixt the garden and my house is a pleasant grove, with vistas and alleys, thro' which you have a prospect of the garden. The place is fanciful enough ; and affords me variety of delight : one in particular, which is the seeing the effects and improvements of my own care ; to be always gathering some fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding ; to see my garden covered with beautiful creatures of my

18 MEMBERS of the  
own rearing. And, if you are an  
admirer of ruins, at some distance,  
on your right hand, you have the  
ruins of an old castle, of consi-  
derable extent. I had once the  
ruins of an ancient Gothic cathe-  
dral; but as I could not afford to  
repair it, I took out what remained  
of the painted glass windows,  
which were very fine, and put the  
painting into my chapel: then I  
ordered the whole ruin to be  
pulled down, and in its room I  
planted a grove, whose profound  
solitude is cheered by the war-  
blings of a great number of singing  
birds, which I have brought up  
there in a large aviary; with whom  
the citterns often join their music.

**Chevalier PIERPOINT. 19**

All this she uttered with so enchanting a sound of voice, and engaging a manner, that I felt myself as much charmed with her good sense, as I was before dazzled with her beauty.

Presently came to my mind those lines of the poet—

In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,  
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd.

I was about to testify my admiration of her taste, when we were interrupted by the cry of hounds in the forest, and the shouts of hunters, mixed with French horns.

## C H A P. II.

**T**H E countess's attendant went out, and, looking over the inclosure, soon brought us word, that she knew them, by their huntsmens liveries, to be the barons of Dundrum and Gratz. The countess immediately got up: These gentlemen, said she, live at their castles about ten miles off. You shall be welcome, added she, to take your revenge of me, for this intrusion, by coming to see my rural habitation. I highly esteem the philosopher Swenitz, and should be glad to have his advice concerning something I am about, in the plantation way. I answered, that

that she did us both honour; and that it would be the greatest satisfaction to me imaginable, to have the pleasure of waiting on her, while I was in that country. I conducted her to the gate of the plantation, and took my leave.

In the mean time, I heard the French horns sound the death of a wild boar, and went into the forest to see it. The first person I met was the baron of Dundrum himself. I accosted him with civility; and having made myself known to him, as a friend of the philosopher's, with whom he was very well acquainted, I invited him and the other baron to taken some refreshment after their sport. He accepted the invitation, and, call-

## 22 MEMOIRS of the

ing to the baron of Gratz, they both entered with me into the plantation. The philosopher had told me, that they were men of sense, well read in history and the Roman classics, and great lovers of wild boar hunting.

Having set some wine before them, the discourse naturally turned upon hunting, I told them, that, tho' I seldom took the diversion, I looked upon it as an excellent exercise. At this, the baron of Dandrum's countenance brightened, and he cried out,

—Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron

Taygetique canes.——

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata  
resondit.

Cithæ-

**Chevalier PIER-POINT. 23**

Cithæron echoes with the tuneful cry

Of hounds, and hunting music's symphony.

What more conducive to the preservation of health, and the maintaining perpetual cheerfulness and serene joy in the mind! We generally take our repast by the side of the forest, amidst continual flourishes on the French horns.

This noble diversion serves to keep up social freedom and harmony amongst us. The baron went on in this strain to commend hunting, and concluded with these verses—

*Interea mistis lustrabo Mœnala nymphis;*

*Aut acres venabor apros, non me ulla  
vetabunt*

*Frigora Parthenios canibus circundare saltus.*



24    M E M O I R S of the  
Over Arcadian mountains will I chafe  
(Mix'd with the woodland nymphs) the  
    savage race ;  
Nor cold shall hinder me, with horns and  
    hounds,  
To thrid the thicket, or to leap the mounds.

In the winter season, I have a  
surtout made of the skin of the  
shaggy filken-haired goat, that is  
bred in Angora \*.

An huntsman, in the mean time,  
was ordered to bring in the boar's  
head. It came attended by four  
French horns : the tusks were for-  
midable, and as white as ivory.  
This the barons made a present of

\* I imagine the baron here was mistaken,  
and that he meant the goats of the island  
of Zea in the Archipelago, whose hair is  
impenetrable to the rain.

to



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to me. After much discourse about the size of it, and the ferocity of its appearance, we fell to drinking; and the baron of Gratz having taken off his scarlet hunting cap, embroidered with gold, I perceived his hair to be of different colours: the fore-part was of a bright yellow, or golden colour; the hinder part quite blue. I was surprised to see so strange a head of hair, and took the liberty to ask him whether it had been always so. He told me, that his hair was naturally of the golden hue; but that a Greek woman, attempting to change it to a hyacinthin colour, had made it light azure. I told him, I very much admired it, and thought it as beautiful as it was extraordinary.

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The ~~fun~~ now setting, the barons invited me to partake, some day, of the forest sport; which having promised to do, they returned home, their French horns sounding as they traversed the forest.

One of my servants being come, I ordered him to carry home the boar's head; and went away from my hermitage, extremely pleased with the adventures of the day. But the shape and air of the countess, together with the charms of her voice and conversation, had made a sensible impression upon me. I felt the greatest longing to see her again, and resolved to do so the next day. When I came home, I told the philosopher what had happened to me in the enclosure,

fine, and how the countess had invited him and me to go and see her at her house. I never made her a visit in my life, said he; she admits of but few men visitors, and they are chiefly her late husband's relations, with whom she was acquainted before his fatal voyage to the Indies. I am glad of an opportunity to bring you acquainted with her, for there are several things worth seeing at her house; but still I am in some apprehension for you. For me? said I; upon what account? Do you think, answered he smiling, that you have strength of resolution enough to resist the charms of so beautiful a woman? She is a countess indeed, but I know your uncle intends a  
much

28 . M E M O I R S of the  
much richer match for you. Her  
charms, no doubt, said I, are very  
engaging, but I think myself proof  
against them. Well, said the phi-  
losopher—take care of yourself.  
You are young, and the countess  
is amiable.—

Golden the beams which Phoebus throws,  
Yet oft they strike with fatal heats,  
Whose blood with them once tainted glows,  
Too late he to cool shades retreats.

C H A P.

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## C H A P. III.

**I**Went to bed, but my head was  
 so full of the lovely countess,  
 that I could not close my eyes in  
 sleep till about morning. Then  
 falling into a slumber, I instantly  
 began to enter into a pleasing  
 dream. Methoughts I was in one  
 of the most delicious islands in the  
 world, a delightful solitude. Such  
 as I had been reading of in Ariosto,  
 the preceding afternoon—

Culte pianure, e delicati colli,  
 Chiare acque, ombrose rive, e prati molli,  
 Vaghi boschetti di soavi allori,  
 Di palme, e di amenissime mirtelle  
 Cedri, e aranci, c'havean frutti e fiori,  
 Contesti in varie forme e tutte belle  
 Facean

---

# 30 MEMOIRS of the

Facean riparo a i fervidi calori,  
De' giorni estivi con lor speffi ombrelle,  
E tra quei rami con sicuri voli  
Cantando se ne giano i rosignuoli  
Tra le purpuree rose, e bianchi gigli,  
Che tepida aura freschi ogn' hora serba,  
Securi se vedean lepri e conigli,  
E cervi con la fronte alta e superba,  
Senza temer ch' alcun gli uccida, ò pigli,  
Pascano, ò stiansi ruminando l' herba.  
Saltano i daini, e i capri snelli e destri,  
Che sono in copia in quei luoghi campestri.

ARISTO, Canto Sesto.

Green pastures, hills that breath'd the fresh'ning air,  
Clear rivers, shady banks, and meadows fair.

Here divers groves there were, of pleasant shade,  
Of palms, or orange-trees, of cedars tall,

Of sundry fruits and flowers, that never fade,  
The shew was fair, the plenty was not small.

And arbours in the thickest places made,  
Where little light, and heat came none at all,

Where

## Chevalier PERFOR. 31

Where nightingales did strain their little throats,  
Recording still their sweet and pleasant notes.

Amid the lilly white, and fragrant rose,  
Preserv'd still fresh by warm and temp'rate air.  
The fearful hare, with joy and pleasure goes,  
The stag, with stately head and body fair,  
Doth feed secure, not fearing any foe,

That to his damage hither may repair;  
The buck and doe doth feed amid the fields,  
As in great store the pleasant forest yields.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

While I was considering the beauties of the place about me, methoughts; from a bower of rose-trees and myrtle, the countess, goddess-like, came towards me, and said, with pleasant look, Welcome to this my solitude; and called me by my name. All ravished with the sight of her, I forgot the respect due to her levelness, and ran hastily




ly to embrace her in my arms and kiss her, when on a sudden, she became a tree, all covered over with blushing buds and blossoms, whose fragrances so affected my senses, that I seemed to die away, and then a great clap of thunder awaken'd me. I tried to sleep again, in order, if possible, to have a continuance of my dream, but to no purpose. I got up and dressed myself: and was more careful than usual in setting off my person to the best advantage. I put on a fine blue cloth coat, with gold trimmings and tassels, and a hat with a black feather in it. After having thus dressed myself, I went to breakfast in the library, where I found the philosopher sitting in his scarlet banyan, with

with a cap of fables. Well, said he, I see you are prepared for your visit by your dress. I am, answered I, and if you please, we will go as soon as breakfast is over. We sat down to our coffee; when the philosopher, addressing himself to me, said, Since we are going to see this lady, I think it will be agreeable to you, to know her history; her birth and fortunes. I answered, he could not oblige me more. Having finished our coffee, he laid a map of Germany upon the table well coloured, then began in this manner :

The countess of Polinetz is the daughter of a Turkey merchant of Hamborough, named Marandon, of a good family in England. He


had lived in a very magnificent manner, and his expences, together with several losses of ships, reduced him to a small income. Finding himself neglected by those, whom he had greatly obliged during his prosperous condition, he retired to a small house and farm, which he had yet near the Hartz-forest. There he lived a solitary life with his wife Melefinda, an Italian lady, who had settled at Carinthia. She was a woman of a very agreeable person and aspect, had many acquired accomplishments, suitable to her softer sex; was endowed with a sprightliness of wit, with excellent good sense, and a noble mind; her beauty, and her birth, (for she was of the family of the Colonna's)



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Colonna's) had made several barons court her, but she preferred Marandon to them all. And indeed, he was well deserving of her choice, being a very accomplished person. This couple, whose virtue and friendship for the space of many years, were the reciprocal cause of their mutual felicity, now began to prove each other's unhappiness, by reason of the tenderness they had for each other. Marandon assured me (for I was intimate with him towards the latter end of his life) that he could have borne his misfortunes without reluctance, had they fallen on himself only, and not on Melesinda. On the other hand, Melesinda's griefs were encreased, by her perceiving that

36      MEMOIRS of the  
the encreased Marandon's. Their  
chief comfort was placed in their  
two children, both beautiful. The  
son's name was Cœurleon; the  
daughter's Melesinda, being so call-  
ed after her mother. Cœurleon,  
though very young, began to dis-  
cover a great deal of courage and  
strength. He would ramble in the  
forests with the huntsmen amidst  
the snows, and had an excellent  
hand at shooting a stag or a wild  
boar. Together with this exercise  
he joined reading, and drawing  
plans of fortification, in which he  
took great delight. Young Mele-  
sinda, on the other hand, was in-  
structed by her mother in all the  
arts of embroidering, needle-work,  
in music, and painting landscapes  
in



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in miniature. She learned from her also the Spanish and Italian tongues: High German she had from the place of her nativity, and her father gave her a tincture of English. So that at twelve years old, she understood and spoke all these languages very fluently.

In the mean time Marandon, grieving at not being able to provide for his children according to their rank, was perpetually seeking solitude.

It happened that Signor Trentan, a tiara'd Cittern, who lived near Dresden, a man of great humanity and benevolence, who had obligations to Marandon's family, heard of his misfortunes. He was struck with much grief at the news, and

D 3            resolved,

38      MEMOIRS of the  
resolved, if possible, to extricate  
him from his difficulties, and put  
him again in some way of recover-  
ing his former fortune, at least of  
mending his present circumstances.  
Accordingly this old Cittern, full  
of such beneficent intentions, came  
to Marandon's house, and not find-  
ing him at home, was directed  
to a shady valley, which Marandon  
often frequented. There the old  
man found him in profound mus-  
ing under an oak.

The Cittern is a very venerable  
old man (for he is still living, and  
sometimes comes to see the coun-  
tess of Polinetz); his beard is long  
and like his hair, as white as silver.  
Upon his breast he wears a gold  
cross. Marandon, as soon as he  
saw

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saw him, presently knew him, and saluted him. They discoursed a little upon indifferent subjects; at length the conversation—Be so good, (said I, interrupting him) to tell me, before you go any further, what you mean by a Cittern or tiara'd Cittern; I have heard of such a musical instrument, but never heard a man so called before. The Citterns, answered the philosopher, are Christians, but they teach doctrines, that differ in several things from those, which are taught at this time of day among other Christians, of whatever denomination, except the Villadorians on the banks of the Guadilquiver. A tiara'd Cittern, is the chief of one of their communities. When



he officiates, he wears a rich Eastern *Tiara* on his head, with a sun embroidered on the front of it. He is cloathed with fine linen of the purest whiteness, which reaches down to his feet, and his breast is bound about with a golden girdle; on the fore-part of which are five precious stones, like stars, which represent, or are emblems of faith, hope, heavenly love, peace, and joy. They are called Citterns, because they sing hymns to the sound of that instrument. The countess is one of the sect, so was her father Marandon, before he died.

Methinks I begin to have a good opinion of these Citterns, said I; pray, proceed with your history.—

At



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At length the conversation, resumed he, insensibly turned on Mar-  
randon's way of life. Why will  
you suffer yourself, said the old  
man, to be overcome by your mis-  
fortunes? You cannot live indeed  
so magnificently as formerly, but  
you may upon a small income be  
as happy. Resume courage, seek  
not solitude, but some employ-  
ment. Do your best to mend your  
fortunes; be chearful, and leave  
the rest to Divine care. This farm  
where you now live, I have been  
informed, has a mortgage upon it  
of eight hundred gold ducats. I  
have had obligations to your fa-  
mily; I will pay off the sum in  
question, and you shall repay me,  
when you are able. I will also

42      M E M O I R S of the  
accommodate you with two thousand ducats to traffic with. Having thus said, the Cittern presented to him a bag of gold ducats and bills to the amount of the sum.

The countess of Polinetz's father gazed upon the old man some time with astonishment, and without being able to utter a word. At last he threw his arms about him, and tenderly embracing him, made this answer : I cannot doubt, my Lord, but Heaven has sent you hither. In you, and you only, may be found that benevolence, those noble sentiments of gratitude, which I deemed not to be found upon earth. May Heaven inspire into me the like sentiments with regard to you. This said, he

conducted the old Cittern home, where he was entertained with the greatest respect and honour. Cœurleon, and young Melesinda, by their pleasing behaviour and accomplishments, soon won the old man's affections ; and the thought of having restored joy and pleasantness to the family, made the Cittern's own heart overflow with that exquisite pleasure, which none but they, whose beneficence is founded on Divine love, can feel. After some days the Cittern returned home. Marandon, by his traffic, together with his wife's management and attention to the estate, in a few years grew rich, and repaid all he had received of the Cittern. Young Melesinda was  
bred

44 MEMOIRS of the

bred to a relish for rural amusements, under her mother, who would never leave her retreat. The count of Polinetz having seen her by chance, fell in love with her, and married her : and upon his embarking for the West Indies, resigned his commission in the king of Spain's German guards to her brother Cœurleon. The countess's father died soon after the count was cast away near Cape Verde Islands, and his wife Melesinda retreated, and ended her days among the Violetines.

When I perceived the philosopher had finished his history of the countess : You have given me great pleasure, said I, and made a strong impression upon me in favour

vour of the countess : if I am not in love with her, I own myself at least in love with the old Cittern. But what are your Violetines, whom you mentioned last ? They are, answered he, a sisterhood, a community of ladies. They have always a censer full of coals of cedar, or other sweet wood, burning before the altar, where they worship. When any one goes to pray, she sprinkles upon the censer a little frankincense, mixed with another perfume, which sends forth a fragrant odour like violets. Hence those ladies were called Violetines \*. Whenever they marry, they

\* There is a house of this nature at the Hague, where young ladies, whose fortunes are not equal to their birth, are educated  
and

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46      M E M O I R S of the  
they quit the house.    Some of  
those ladies keep their coaches.

and maintained. It was founded by the  
queen of England, when princefs of Orange.

There are nine fuch foundations in the  
electorate of Hanover, where the ladies live  
handfomely, through the munificence of the  
fovereign.

C H A P.

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## C H A P. IV.

**T**H E philosopher having given this account, strait began to dress himself; which being done, we set out for the countess's.

We entered thro' a little gate, which let us into one of the walks that led up to the house. The trees of this private walk were twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. On one side of it were artificial grottoes, covered with woodbines and jessamines; on the other ran, with an agreeable murmur, a lucent spring, among pebbles that had gold and silver specks, and made a brilliant ap-



appearance. The meander is said to run upon such shining pebbles, from whence the countess took the hint.

We were introduced to the mistress of this pleasant habitation, whom we found embroidering in a lower room that looked upon the gardens. She received us with great politeness ; and after we were set down, I began the conversation by saying—I have read of several enchanted palaces, and I cannot help thinking this place of yours, countess, resembles some of them in miniature.

I can't but say, answered she, the situation is agreeable ; and, as I expect you will dine with me, we in the mean time will take a walk

walk in the garden which I mentioned to you the other day. We answered, we would gladly attend her. As for you, philosopher Swenitz, said she, you have been here often, as I have been told, but always in my absence, which I don't take so kindly of you. I should have been very glad of entertaining you, as well as I could, as you were my father's friend ; and also for my own interest, as I am sure I could not but have profited by your conversation. The philosopher made the best speech he could in return for the compliment, and assured her, that he had never been in the country, while she was in it, except-

50      M E M O I R S of the  
ing the one month that I had  
been with him. She received  
his apology with a pleasing smile;  
and then opening a glass door, we  
entered into the garden. I found  
every thing answering the descrip-  
tion the countess had given me of  
it. It put me in mind of that de-  
scription in Spenser, which he co-  
pied from the Italian.

There the most dainty paradise on ground,  
Offer'd itself to the delighted eye,  
In which all pleasures plentiously abound,  
And none does other happiness envy.  
The painted flow'rs, the trees upshooting high,  
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,  
The trembling groves, the crystal running by,  
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,  
The art, which all that wrought appeared in no  
place.

One

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**Chevalier PIERPOINT. 51**

One would have thought so cunningly the rude  
And unculte parts were mingled with the fine,  
That nature had for wantonness ensh'd  
Art, and that art at nature did repine;  
So striving each th' other to undermine,  
Each did the other's work more beautify;  
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:  
So all agreed, thro' sweet diversity,  
The garden to adorn with all variety.

We walked through the most  
delightful scenes, for about an  
hour. At length the countess  
brought us to a small kind of  
tower that had a gilt balaster  
on the top of it. We entered  
into it through a little door, at  
the bottom or foot of the tower.  
There we found a seat that held  
just one person. The countess  
made the philosopher sit down in

it : then she touched a spring, and the philosopher ascended in the chair to the balustrade on the summit of the tower. From the top of this tower, to which I ascended afterwards, there were several kinds of prospects, as the mild, the rough, the grotesque, the gay. After this she shewed us a little spot covered with ever-greens ; a garden to shelter the birds in winter. At the entrance was a statue of Chearfulness, holding a gilt cup in one hand, and a sprig of myrtle in the other.

It was now time for us to return to the house, in order to be there by dinner. The countess led us thither through the garden, but  
by

by a different way. Upon our road we met with the statues of Flora and Pomona. Flora was denoted by a loose nosegay of flowers, which she seemed to have just gathered, and to hold up, as pleased with the beauties of them. She was also crowned with flowers. Her robe was of a changeable silk, and of as many colours as the flowers with which she was adorned. This statue was formed of a fine composition as hard as marble.

The statue of Pomona was near the fruit trees. It was formed of the like composition. She was dressed in green silk, thick shot with gold threads. She held a

E 3                      pruning

§4      MÈMOIRS of the  
pruning hook in one hand, and a  
branch, with fruits on it, in the other.

I must not omit a particular  
spring, which was covered over  
with myrrh. The countess de-  
sired me to taste the water : I did  
so, and found it extremely bitter.  
This water, said I, is like the  
myrrh that borders it. There is  
no harm in it, said the countess,  
smiling, we have several such  
springs in this country. Philoso-  
pher Swenitz will account for  
them better than I can. They  
come, said the philosopher, from  
an impure sulphur, bitumen, ni-  
tre, copperas, copper; as water  
by long standing in a copper ves-  
sel acquires a bitter taste. They  
are

are frequent in other parts of the world. On the shore of Cormandel, in India, there are several springs and wells, whose waters are bitter, though they spring up among the rocks. In Pontus, a province of Asia Minor, there is a small rivulet at the town of Calipade, called Exampean, whose water is bitter; this makes the river Hypanis also bitter, into which it flows.

While the philosopher was thus speaking we came to the house, where, in a large hall, we found a table set out for dinner; and an elderly lady, a friend of the countess's, who lived with her. As soon as the countess came



56     MEMOIRS of the  
into the room, the old lady gave  
her a letter : she opened it, and  
looked pleased while she read it ;  
then put it in her pocket ; for  
now dinner appeared.

CHAP.



## C H A P. V.

THE entertainment was elegant; and the countess did the honours of her table with a pleased attention. She shewed particular regard to the philosopher, and made him sit next her, with which I was very well pleased. To me she behaved with more reserve, but great complaisance. As soon as the desert was set on the table, she called to a servant, and bade him undo the wooden case, that had been sent her that morning, and take out what was in it, and bring it to her. He went out, and soon returned with the picture of a venerable old man with silver locks, clad

clad in purple, with a gold cross on his breast. By the description the philosopher had given me in the morning of the old Cittern, I guessed it to be his picture. There, said the countess, are the lineaments of a good friend of mine, seigneur Trentan. There is a great likeness, answered Swenitz. I guessed it to be him, said I, from the description I have heard of him. I have obtained his picture as a favour, said the countess: here's his letter, which he sent me with it, and which, for its gallantry, I will read to you. You must know, I sent him a present lately of some Indian canes, and insisted upon his giving me his picture in return.

“ My

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 59

“ My loved Countess,

“ The Indian canes, which you sent me, were pretty ; but you have so embellished them, that they are hardly for my turn. They are emblems of sovereign command : and I ought, methinks, to return you thanks rather for your sceptres, than your canes. By what name soever we call them, they are the more precious to me, because they come from you, more than for any other consideration : and though you have not made me rich, yet you may chance to make me proud. It is an antient maxim, that ambition is no more satisfied with benefits received, than covetousness. But it should have been added, when ambition receives  
from


60      MEMOIRS of the

from a person, from whom it desired to receive. All sorts of benefactors do not much oblige those, whose ambition it is to have only the noblest. For my part, I should think the presents of lady \* \* \* \* would dishonour me; and I would be as much ashamed of her favours as I glory in yours. I carried them to Dresden, on purpose to shew them. With them I do support my old age with credit, and look as trim as upon days of ceremony. They serve both to support and to adorn me; for furniture of necessity, and ostentation too. But the worst is, I have nothing here to requite so rare a present, but the shape and lineaments of an old man. 'Tis, indeed,

deed, all you require in return. The picture of an old Cittern of fourscore!—There are always foolish desires, dear counts, and idle curiosities in the world. Is not yours one of them? However, to content you, I have yielded, for one half hour, to have myself transcribed. The painter, I am certain, has flattered me. But, I know, affection is a better flatterer yet, than the painter. This it is that will bear false testimony for me, to prove my picture worthy to be placed among those of your Titian's and your Buonaroti's. A station amongst them is, indeed, an honour I highly value; but that which you have given me in your heart is no less precious to me, and  
I think

I think I have good right to the possession, since I am, with all affection, &c."

Don't you think, said the countess, when she had done reading, that my old friend writes very gallantly upon a few Indian canes? I long to see him; and, by the postscript in the letter, expect him here in a few days. We joined with her in admiring the chearful politeness of the old man, and asked if she had many pictures done by those two famous painters he mentioned. I have pictures, she replied, done by good hands, who imitated Titian's manner; but I have only one landscape of his painting. As for Buonaroti, I don't



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Chevalier PIERPOINT. 63  
don't know who he means by that name. He means, answered I, madam, a very extraordinary man. Michael Angelo Buonaroti flourished in the fifteenth century, and was universally admired for his excellence in the three sister-arts, painting, statuary; and architecture. He was born of a good family in the county of Arezzo, studied design or drawing under Dominico Ghirlandajo; and, at the age of sixteen, began to cut statues in marble, that even bore a comparison with the antique. In order to expose the false taste of those who would allow no merit to modern artists, he privately finished the statue of a Cupid, and buried it under ground, in a place which  
he



he knew would soon be dug, after having broke off one of the arms, which he kept by him. The statue was accordingly found, and judged by all the connoisseurs to be a genuine antique. Then Buonaroti produced the arm, and claimed the honour of the work. He made the model of a colossal statue for pope Julius II. with such a haughty countenance, and commanding attitude, that the pontiff asked, whether he had raised the right arm in the act of bestowing the benediction, or denouncing the anathema? Buonaroti replied, that his holiness was in the attitude of warning the people of Bologna to be more prudent for the future. Then he asked, in his turn, if he  
should

should put a book in the statue's right hand? " No, (said Julius) put a sword in it ; I don't pretend to be a man of letters."

His master-piece in architecture was the grand church of St. Peter at Rome. He was the most perfect anatomist of his time ; had a grand taste in design, and excelled all his cotemporaries in painting naked figures; but his manner was dry, and in every other branch of the art he fell far short of Raphael. His most famous picture is that of the Last Judgment ; but is very absurd, as the painter has not made us rise in glorified bodies. He was respected and beloved by pope Leo X. Clement VII. and a succession of popes, as

well as by all the civilized princes of his time; Francis I. king of France, Charles V. emperor of Germany and king of Spain, Cosmo de Medicis, the Venetian republic, and even Solyman the grand signor. He lived to the age of ninety, died at Rome in 1564, and was interred with great funeral pomp at Florence.

Methinks, said the countess, if I was a man, I should take great pleasure in visiting those countries where the works of such famous artists are to be seen. When she had so said, she asked us to see what paintings she had, and got up to conduct us.

## C H A P. VI.

**W**E all got up, and went into the library. It was an handsome long room, that looked over a fine country, a mixture of champain and wood, intersperfed with several rivulets, that glittered with the fun-beams.

The countefs's books were contained in four large cafes of mahogany. They had gilt wire network before them, with green filk curtains on the inside. In several places were bustos of marble, and some excellent pictures.

Among the pictures, there were two remarkable ones, finished with the highest colouring, done by

F 2

Carlo

Carlo Pinto, an imitator of Titian. They represented our first Parents, before and after the fall. Our first Parents, before the fall, appeared cloathed in the most beautiful manner imaginable. I turned to the philosopher, and testified some surprize at seeing these figures cloathed. The countess, answered the philosopher, can give you an account of it, if she pleases; but, to save her the trouble, I will do it.

The painter has endeavoured to represent our first Parents cloathed in garments of light. Eve, you see, appears clad in a kind of glittering silver tiffue. She has a starry zone about her bosom; her golden hair flows in buckles upon her white

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 69

white neck, and thence descends to her waist: her feet are silver. Her look and face have dignity, tempered with sweetness. Adam is habited in gold; his countenance full of majesty, softened by love, while he converses with his fair spouse, and gazes upon her, enamoured with her beauty. But this is only their habit for the present: they might change their ornaments, when they pleased.

After their disobedience, they lost these ornaments of light. The second picture, therefore, shews them in another dress. Through the instruction of their beneficent Maker, they have cloathed or adorned themselves *with* or *from* the skins of beasts; with the filken

hair or down of animals of the first creation ; with feathers of the most beautiful rain-bow colours, inwoven together. Behold how beauteous Eve looks, so drest ! so beauteous, that, in the distant view, you may discern angels making love to her daughters, almost as charming as herself. All this the painter has endeavoured to represent in this picture. I imagine (said I to the philosopher) that Carlo Pinto was a Cittern. He answered in the affirmative. Then turning to the countess, The charms of beauty, said I, which we still behold in some, evidence how lovely the sex must have been originally. She looked pleasantly ; but made no reply, as  
not

not understanding the compliment intended for herself, only turned to another piece.—This, said she, is the story of Balaam's vision. You see there he lies asleep, and is now dreaming that the beast, on which he rode, speaks to him; and the angel appears standing in his way.—This figure is nobly painted with the Guido air and grace.

We greatly admired Titian's landscape. It was a verdant valley, with a clear stream running thro' it, surrounded with steep mountains, except on one side, where noble distant prospects were bounded by the horizon. It was delightful to see the goats climbing up the hanging rocks, or lying



upon the cliffs, where they were distinguished by their whiteness amidst the verdure. Add to this, the inimitable sunshine he had diffused over the piece. Pray, said the countess to me, was not Titian a Spaniard? No, said I, madam; Titian Vecelli was born in the state of Venice, in the year 1477, and studied painting under Bellini, whom he soon surpassed, as he also did Giorgione. His pictures were the admiration of every body, for his exquisite manner of colouring. He refused a considerable employment at Rome; and was created knight and count-palatine by the emperor Charles V. who sitting one day for his picture, Titian chanced to drop his pen-

pencil; which the emperor took up, and presenting it to him, " Titian (said he) is worthy to be served even by an emperor." He was also visited and caressed by the king of France; and celebrated by Ariosto, Marini, and other poets. In a word, he lived in great splendor; and died in 1576, in the arms of his imperial master.

There were several other pieces done by excellent painters: I will only mention one at present; that of Eric king of Denmark, who by a certain musician could be kindled to such fury, as to kill some of his best friends and servants. The musician was there seen playing on an instrument, while the monarch gathering up his royal robe, laid  
on

74. MEMOIRS of the  
on all about him. The passions  
here of rage, fear, and amazement,  
were strongly pictured in the finest  
colouring. The ancients tell us  
something like this of the Phrygian  
found or tone, whatever that tone  
was.

The bustos were curiously scul-  
ptured. There was Homer, Virgil,  
Fenelon, Ariosto, Tasso, Milton,  
Petrarch, and Laura: and some  
others.

The books consisted of the most  
entertaining histories, the finest  
poems, and a few romances, writ-  
ten by geniuses of fertile invention  
and fine imagination. Among  
these last, Don Quixote had an  
honourable station, in much pomp  
and splendor.

Such



Such was the library of the countess. But what can never be forgot was a crimson bird, as large as a makaw. It stood in a gilded wire-cage in one of the windows. The countess called it a Quincena; it was a present to the count of Polinetz from India, where they are extremely scarce. Like the cameleon, it took all manner of colours, which it fixed its eye attentively upon. If you set before it green, it became green: if you placed before it white colour, it changed its hue to white, and so of other colours: when it looked stedfastly on the wires of its cage, it took a gold colour. And though it did not give rational answers, like the prince of Orange's

76    M E M O I R S of the  
Orange's Parrot \*, yet it sung with  
a warbling voice these words,  
which had been taught it :

The tender virgin rose behold  
Sweetly her damask bud unfold,  
Half-open'd, half-conceal'd in green,  
Fairer she seems, the less she's seen.

See her more bold her leaves display,  
Behold she drooping fades away,  
Nor longer seems that lovely flow'r  
By virgins sought to deck the bow'r.

Then, Celimene ! ere time consume  
The transient roses of your bloom,  
Bright virtue's off'ring let them be,  
And yield to heav'n their fragrancy.

Just by the cage stood a silver  
chaffing-dish of very neat work-  
manship. This the countess told

\* See Locke.

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me belonged to the Cittern, who used to perfume his beard with it after the Eastern manner. In it he used to put some burning coals, with a piece of aloes wood, covering all with a cover of silver full of small holes. This he set under his beard, while the agreeable smell of the aloes ascended, and greatly recreated his head with its elegant perfume. When the Cittern had done with it, it was always set by the Quincena, who seemed exhilarated with the smell, and would begin to shake his feathers and sing:

What fragrances the air perfume,  
And fill delightfully the room.  
Ye Citterns ! strike the tuneful string,  
While of your ancient sage I sing.—  
“ White

“ White locks, that grace the virtuous old,

“ Are nobler than a crown of gold.”

These words, like the other, he sung with a number of trills and warblings. In short, it was the most extraordinary bird I ever beheld.

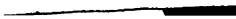

It was about evening when we took our leave of the countess, and walked home. Our discourse all the way was of her manner of life, and the accomplishments of her person. I have a great esteem, (said I to the philosopher) for this young widow; I admire her more than any woman I ever saw. Her politeness, her wit, equal to her beauty; her modesty, that heightens the charms of both: her lively ima-

gination, directed by an excellent judgment; the gracefulness of her expression and manner; her easy cheerfulness of conversation, unstudied and unaffected; the acquired accomplishments of her mind, not inferior to her natural graces and virtues.—

The philosopher hearing me go on in this strain, looked upon me smilingly, and said, I believe you are already in love. If to be in love, said I, is to wish that I may one day have such a companion of life as the countess, I am much in love indeed. After all, is not love an homage we ought to pay to merit, a sentiment worthy of a tender and generous heart. The countess's beauty, I own, answered



80      M E M O I R S of the  
ed the philosopher, is the least of  
her charms; her heart is as good,  
as her understanding is bright. I  
could approve of your love, if you  
had a passion for her, because she  
is truly valuable. But I have told  
you that your uncle has other views  
for you, and designs to marry you  
to a daughter of a very wealthy  
Levant merchant. You must not  
disoblige him: If you perceive your  
heart not proof against the coun-  
tess's charms, as you imagined it  
was, it is best to see her no more.  
There is no way to vanquish love,  
but by extinguishing the first sparks  
of it. Why then, to be ingenuous  
with you, answered I, I will tell  
you, that if such sparks are kind-  
led in my breast, I have no desire  
to



to extinguish them. On the contrary, I have a great mind to propose to my uncle, that he should permit me to address the countess. Perhaps her character and amiableness will persuade him not to oppose my inclinations. Besides, she has rank, and her jointure of a thousand gold ducats may make an impression on him. The philosopher answered, that he could not blame my value for the countess; and that if I intended to acquaint my uncle with the affair before I proceeded any further, he would do all in his power to make my design succeed. I answered, he would oblige me for ever by so doing. In such discourse we reached

82      M E M O I R S of the  
home ; the philosopher concluded  
with repeating these lines :

Love is not always of a vicious kind,  
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind:  
It kindles all the soul with honour's fire,  
To make the lover worthy his desire.

C H A P.

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## C H A P. VII.

**I** Will not tire you with an account of the whole progress of my passion : let it be sufficient to say, that I enjoyed the conversation of the countess for three months, taking all opportunities of seeing her ; and every time I saw her, I thought I discovered some new perfection ; so that, in a word, I became passionately in love. I thought too (not was I deceived) that I had made an impression upon her heart. When I made this discovery from her blushes, and frequent perplexity when she conversed with me, judge how delightful and charming to me

was such her involuntary betraying herself.

As for my part, when I was not with her, I was as in a desert, absent and musing : so that at last the philosopher grew tired of my behaviour, and frankly told me so. If you are really in love with the countess Melesinda, said he, reveal your love to your uncle out of hand : I will write to him an account of her. I thanked him heartily, and came ardently into his advice. Upon which he wrote to my uncle a long letter, describing the countess Melesinda's person, her birth, fortune, and accomplishments. I now was all impatience to be gone ; and having made preparations for my journey,

journey,

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Chevalier PIERPOINT. 85  
journey, in two days time I went to take leave of the countess. At first she looked visibly concerned ; but when I told her I hoped to have the pleasure of seeing her again very soon, a transient gleam of joy brightened in her countenance.

I returned to the philosopher, who was desirous of conducting me as far as the Texel. He did so ; and we found a merchant ship bound for Portland, and ready to put to sea. Here the philosopher furnished himself with a number of little green cheeses, made of sheeps milk, and tinged green with certain herbs, of which he was very fond.

I went aboard, and the wind offering, we weighed anchor with four Turkeymen. In the mean time, the wind did not long continue fair : however we reached the Forelands, and from thence gradually got into the Channel, and at length reached Portland, though not without danger, for sometimes we had very heavy seas, and hard gales. From Portland I soon got to Bristol, and went directly to my own seat, where my uncle then resided. I shall here give you a short description of the person of a man, to whom I have so great obligations.

He was of a middle stature, square built, very erect, of a good-natured aspect and temper, tho' a little

a little warm. He always wore the finest wigs, and dressed plain, but with great neatness. He had appeared in cloaths of a light brown, and silk stockings of the same colour, for forty years, without variation. He wore long cravats, with spangled tassels, that hung upon his breast. His pomp about his feet was also brilliant, but of antique fashion; for he wore always broad square-toed shoes, with red tops, and gold buckles. Such was my uncle.

When I was introduced to him, he was joyfully surprised to see me so unexpectedly. He embraced me with transport and tenderness; and welcomed me home; but asked me at the same time, if any



particular business had brought me home so suddenly. I straight presented to him signor Swenitz's letter. In that letter, said I, you will find that the cause of my coming home is a beautiful one. He opened the letter; and while he was perusing it, I considered his look with attention, but could discern no change in his features. Having read the letter, he folded it up, and, with a pleasant countenance, said to me, This is a beautiful cause indeed that has brought you home.—I find you are in love with a courtesa, who has a jointure of a thousand gold ducats. If I believe this letter, she is a very amiable personage. Yes, answered I, she is most valuable, and you would

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 89

would say so, if you was to see her: Young men, replied he, frequently fancy themselves in love.—Do not think, said I, my attachment for this lady a transient liking that will soon be over. She has charmed me as well by her mind as her beauty; I never loved before, and I feel I can never love but her alone. She is formed not only to inspire love, but to perpetuate it with her charms. But consider her fortune, said he, it is but a dowry of a thousand ducats. I could find you a much richer party. Will you suffer, answered I, the happiness of my life to be made a sacrifice to riches? I have heard that you have designed to marry me to a daughter of a Le-  
vant

vant merchant. I did design so, (answered he, colouring) but that merchant has broke his word with me, and disposed of his daughter to another. Heaven be praised, (thought I) this event is fortunate for me. But though the lady is not so rich as I could wish one for you, and is a countess besides, I shall not cross your inclinations. You know I don't love titles. This countess indeed I like better than any other, because she is a merchant's daughter. I will tell you more of my mind another time. Let us go to dinner. I was not displeased with this beginning, as you may imagine.

We fate down to dinner; and he questioned me with great good humour

humour about the countess Melinda, and seemed perfectly satisfied with her person and character. He told me, amongst other things, that the Levant merchant had married his daughter to a Druse, a rich silk merchant in the port of Baruth, with whom he carried on a considerable trade in silk. That the prince, or emir, of the Druses, had bought her of her husband for a large sum of gold, and carried her to Dair-alcanar, where he resides. That she was become a Druse, and lived in splendor, with which her father was very well pleased.

We spent some days in visiting my own estate, where he shewed me the several improvements he had

92      M E M O I R S of the  
had made in my absence. At last,  
one morning as we were walking  
together, he told me with a chear-  
ful countenance, that he had been  
thinking of my marrying, and had  
come to a resolution of going with  
me to make signor Swenitz a visit,  
and by that means he should have  
an opportunity of seeing the lady  
with whom I was so enamoured.  
I testified great gladness at his in-  
tention; and my uncle having soon  
settled his affairs, he ordered his  
chaife, and took me with him to  
London.

C H A P.

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## C H A P. VIII.

**T**HERE he equipped himself and me very differently, himself plainly as usual, and me richly. We took shipping, and in a short time got to Holland; and thence to Paderborn.

The philosopher and my uncle embraced one another with great joy : and after much discourse concerning what had happened to themselves, and how they had spent their time since their parting, my uncle entered upon the principal cause of his journey; namely, to see the countess of Polinetz, with whom, by the description in his letter, he was very well pleased that

that his nephew should unite his destiny, provided she answered that description, as he did not doubt but she would. The philosopher told him, that he would carry him to the countess Melefinda's the next day. That evening he sent the countess word, that the uncle of the chevalier Pierpoint was come to see him, and that he desired the favour to introduce him to her. She sent back a civil invitation, and we went the next day in the afternoon. We were conducted at first into the library, where we found the old Cittern, with a map before him, reading Petrarch. He received my uncle with politeness; and told us, he was endeavouring to find out

out the situation of Valclufa, fo celebrated by Petrarch. In a ſhort time the counteſs Meleſinda made her appearance. After the uſual compliments, my uncle told her, that he was come to ſtay a little time with his old acquaintance philoſopher Swenitz ; that he had heard of her civilities to his nephew, and was obliged to his friend for furniſhing him with an opportunity to make his acknowledgments to her. She answered, that ſhe looked upon it as an honour, when any foreign gentleman came to ſee her rural habitation ; and that ſhe ſhould be obliged to him, if he thought the place agreeable, if he would make uſe of it as his own, while he ſtayed in the country.



country. My uncle returned her thanks, and we soon entered into a general conversation; during which the countess, by her good sense and engaging manner, visibly gained upon my uncle. He turned the discourse continually to her, in order to cause her to speak; and while she spoke, he seemed to listen with the most delighted attention.

Nor was he less pleased with the old Cittern; with whom, in the little time we stayed, whether through sympathy, or other secret attraction, he contracted an intimate friendship. After my uncle had been shewn several things about the house, he took his leave of the countess and the Cittern,  
and

and we got home before close of evening. My uncle, for three weeks after, constantly visited the Cittern, and by that means saw the countess frequently. The Cittern and he played at backgammon ; they walked in the garden and forest together ; they contrived visits, and planted little hills, and the like. In short, they became connected by the ties of the most agreeable friendship. But my uncle never gave the least hint of my inclination for the countess Melesinda. He thought proper that I should first of all open myself to her. One morning he came into my room before I was up, (for he always rose very early to breathe the morning air, as he said) and

98      M E M O I R S of the  
addressing himself to me, The phi-  
losopher, said he, has, at my re-  
quest, invited the countess, with a  
lady or two, to a collation in his  
pavilion in the enclosure. We  
intend to contrive matters so, that  
you shall have an opportunity of  
speaking to her alone, and making  
my sentiments and your own known  
to her. He added, that in case I  
succeeded, he would settle three  
thousand guineas a year upon me.  
I expressed the most ardent grati-  
tude to him, and told him, that  
I should ever obey his commands  
in all things; and as to what he  
ordered me to do with regard to  
the countess, it was too sweet an  
injunction for me to delay, even  
for a moment, the putting it in  
execu-

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Chevalier PIERPOINT. 99  
execution, when an occasion offered. As soon as he was gone, I got up and dressed myself; but my head was so full of the approaching time, when I should open my heart to my loved Melinda, that through excessive absence I committed twenty blunders in my dressing myself. Great was the impatience and solicitude in which I passed the morning. I hardly tasted any thing at dinner; upon which my uncle observed, that the rich flavour of the venison, upon the table, was sufficient for the nourishment of a lover. The philosopher answered, smiling, that lovers were then like a certain people of India,

H 2

who

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100 MEMOIRS of the  
who live upon the smell of fragrant odours.

At length the time of appointment came. We set out for the enclosure, where the countess, the old lady her companion, and two more of her acquaintance, came soon after in the countess of Melinda's coach. The philosopher led them to the pavilion, where he had prepared an handsome collation, with several sorts of wine. The philosopher laid himself out to the best advantage for the entertainment of the company ; and the ladies answered his willingness to create joy in them, by shewing the greatest cheerfulness and gaiety. But my uncle, whose thoughts  
were

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were employed about the countess and me, was contriving how to leave us alone together. He was relieved from his perplexity by an odd accident. It happened that some peasant, who had been working in the forest, had made a little fire in an hollow rotten tree, and left it there burning. As the wood was dry, it took flame, and burnt up among the neighbouring trees. As soon as it was perceived by our servants, they brought us word of it; and we all immediately left the pavilion, and went into the wood. My uncle and Swenitz joined with the servants to extinguish the fire, by throwing water and dirt upon the touch-wood, which they got from

a neighbouring rivulet. The countess Melefinda happened to stand at some distance from her companions, leaning against a tree. I thought I had then a fair opportunity of revealing my love to her: I went up to the place where she stood; Fair countess, said I, you stand here like a sylvan hamadryad for the preservation of your tree. I confess, answered she, I am a little afraid for the wood, there are several withered and dry trees in it. The wood, I replied, is in no danger—But permit me to seize this occasion to reveal to you a flame, not so easy to be quenched. Here in this place I first beheld your charms, and here they lighted a sweet flame in my breast, which  
nothing

nothing can extinguish. What place more proper, than where it first took its rise, to discover it to the beautiful cause? Yes, my fair countess! I love you, and my uncle has given me leave to tell you so; and if I could hope for a mutual return, I should esteem myself the most happy of mortals. This sudden declaration a little surprised her, and spread her cheek with new roses. At length recovering herself, she answered, with a modest grace and noble frankness, I little deserve, and as little expected, such a declaration; but since you have made it, I will be ingenuous, and use no affected evasions or mystery, as I doubt not of your sincerity. I am obliged to

H 4

you



104 MEMOIRS of the  
you for your sentiments concern-  
ing me; and on the other hand,  
my heart has not been insensible  
to your good qualities. They  
have made an impression upon  
me, and the return you wish for,  
you have already gained: but you  
must have the Cittern's consent.  
She blushed, and looked down,  
when she had spoke these last  
words. It is impossible to express  
my transport; I was ready to throw  
myself at her feet in the greatest  
rapture; but the presence of the  
company restrained me; and the  
countess Melesinda, to prevent any  
action that should discover the sub-  
ject of our secret conversation, left  
me to myself, and rejoined the  
other ladies. In my enravishment,  
when

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Chevalier PIERPOINT. 105  
when she was gone, I turned to  
the cedar on which she had leaned,  
and pronounced these words from  
Petrarch :

Gentil ramo, ove piacque  
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna,  
Sempre dolce sarà ne la memoria.

Flourish, fair tree ! for ever green,  
Where she her beauteous side did lean ;  
How sweet, how lovely wilt thou be  
Still imag'd in my memory !

C H A P.

## C H A P. IX.

THE evening coming on, we waited on the ladies to their coach, and took our leave of them till next day, when we were all to dine at the countess's.—As soon as they were gone—Well, said my uncle, I saw you engaged in a solitary conversation with the countess, so I gave myself no trouble about finding means to leave you alone together. It was the sweetest conversation I have ever had in my life, answered I. With that I told him what declaration I had made, and in what manner it was received, and what she said of the Cittern. My uncle said, he would  
speak

He speak to him in the morning. He was as good as his word ; for he was become almost as ardent as myself for concluding the marriage. Next morning he went, some time before us, to the countess's, and found signor Trentan sitting on a bench in the garden. He opened the affair to him, without much preface. He told him the inclination I had some time had for the young countess, my declaration to her, and the answer she had made to me in the wood. The old man testified exceeding joy at the news, and said he would not delay a moment to speak to Melesinda. Accordingly he went to her directly. I was now arrived, and, while the philosopher sought  
my

my uncle in the walks, had taken up a book in the library for entertainment. There the Cittern in a little time came to me, leading in the countess. Never did I see her look so amiable : a livelier vermilion heightened the lustre of her beauty. Signor Trentan presented her to me, making me take her hand. We then plighted our faith to each other, according to the custom of the Citterns, by exchanging of presents. She gave me off her arm a bracelet, with her picture in it. Whilst I, feeling in my pockets, and not finding any thing which I thought worthy to be presented to her, be-thought myself of the black ribbon I wore about my neck, at  
which

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which was hung the mark of my order of Santa Seraphina ; namely, a golden circlet, instarred with sapphirs. I took it off, and put it about the young countess's neck. The Cittern smiled to see her so knighted. In the mean time, all the company being arrived and assembled in the saloon, he brought us out to them, and told what had past. All kinds of congratulations were made us. We spent the day with rejoicings. In the afternoon we had a noble collation, and music at evening. The philosopher and my uncle both danced with the ladies. — The former played us some excellent solos of Corelli's on the violin: and as he had a very tuneable base voice,

110 MEMOIRS of the  
voice, he sung a song, which he,  
in my name, had himself com-  
posed the night before, to a piece  
of music he had by him. The  
words were these, which the coun-  
tess, at his request, accompanied  
with the harpsichord:

S O N G.

Dazzled with beauty's heav'nly beam,  
Which Melesinda's eyes display,  
I felt a gentle gliding flame,  
Like light'ning, thro' my bosom stray;

She seem'd like some translucent shrine,  
Where you embosom'd may behold  
All precious things distinctly shine,  
Pearl, saphirs, diamonds, and gold.

Sweetness, truth, and every charm  
That can engage the well-taught mind,  
Or virtuous heart with rapture warm,  
Their lustre shew in Melesinde.

Some



Chevalier PIERPOINT. III

Some other nymphs may Love's bright fires  
Enkindle slowly in the heart ;  
Her face at once the god inspires,  
At once he reigns in ev'ry part.

The philosopher's song was applauded, and we passed the evening with great festivity. It was towards morning when we went home. My uncle, being in haste to return to England, would not let our marriage be deferred. As soon as cloaths were bought, and all preparations could be got ready for the ceremony, we were conducted to the temple, where the old Cittern waited for us.

The nuptials were celebrated according to the manner of the Citterns. The countess was dressed in white and silver flowered silk ;



filk; myself, in a suit of light brown velvet, embroidered with gold. We were presented before the altar: a fire of odoriferous wood-coals, in a silver vessel, was lighted on a pillar near it; upon which we both cast some incense, and other perfume. The Cittern bound us together in a golden band, the symbol of union and concord: when marriages proved unhappy, he broke this band before the altar, and the parties were free. We held one another by the hand, while a quire of young people, clad in white, sung an hymn, accompanied with citterns, viols, lutes, and other instruments of music.

The

The hymn began with the praises of the glorious King of Love—his descent from the empyrean regions—the star that announced his appearance—his sufferings for love to mortals—his reascension to his former glory. The married couple were excited to keep these grand ideas of him ever in their minds, and to be thence warmed with a constant love and friendship for each other.

The hymn being ended, the old Cittern took the countess Melesinda's hand and mine between both his, and, with a solemn and exalted tone of voice, pronounced these words: " May your union  
" be worthy to be envied ; may it  
" enlarge the scene of happiness

114      M E M O I R S of the

“ to either; may your mutual  
“ love, innocent and virtuous  
“ amusements and diversions, strow  
“ flowers on your paths through  
“ life; and may piety be to your  
“ memory as an embalming per-  
“ fume.”

C H A P.

## C H A P. X.

ALL the time we stayed after the nuptials, I thought of nothing but furnishing new entertainments and diversions for the countess. At last we took leave of our several acquaintance, and set forward for Amsterdam. The countess left to the Cittern the possession of her house and gardens for his amusement; and we both promised to visit him every year after we should be settled; for the countess having a great desire to see her brother, whom she much loved, we had agreed to go to Spain for a little time. Besides, we had heard of the Vil-

ladorians on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and thought we could not do better than to visit them in their retreat. The philosopher Swenitz was of the same opinion, and offered to accompany us; and we very willingly accepted the offer, as he had been used to travelling, and were glad of so agreeable a companion. My uncle was much for it; for, seeing me so enamoured with the countess, he thought he had reason to fear I might give myself up to an indolent life. We stayed but two days at Amsterdam, and therefore saw but few of its curiosities: but what we saw gave us great pleasure. Amsterdam may be called the magazine of the world. All Hol-  
land

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land is embellished and enriched with immense works. The waters of the ocean are confined by double dykes. Vast canals are cut thro' all the towns in beds of stone, and the streets form large quays, ornamented with rows of tall trees. The boats unload their merchandize at the doors of the inhabitants; and strangers are never weary of admiring the singular and beautiful confusion of roofs of edifices, spires of churches, green tufted tops of trees, and silken streamers of ships, which at one time, and in the same place, present a view of the sea, the town, and the country.

We had fine weather all the way to Portsmouth, where my uncle

would have us land, upon account of some merchandize he had there. From thence we took a coach and six horses, which carried us to my seat near Bristol.

The countess was welcomed with great rejoicings by the tenants, with ringing of bells and firing of guns; and we had next day all the music of the town of Bristol to serenade us. The countess sent them some guineas, and my steward entertained them, together with the tenants, so richly, that they went playing on their instruments all the way home. We stayed only one month at my seat, during which time the countess took a view of the several improvements my uncle had made,  
with

with all which she was charmed; for he had spared neither for advice nor ornament. After receiving a number of visitants, and returning the compliment to each, my uncle would have us delay no longer our voyage to Spain. The countess took two maids, and I two men servants, (one of them a Swiss, who spoke several languages) for our retinue : and there being four large ships ready to sail for Cadiz, the weather likewise being very fine, we went aboard, my uncle attending us to the ship. There he privately put a purse of gold in the philosopher's pocket, and gave the countess a large diamond ring of great value; telling her, that, if he died before she re-



120    M E M O I R S of the  
turned, she should wear it in memory of him. He embraced us both with great tenderness, desired to be remembered to Cœurleon, tho' unknown, and could scarce refrain from tears at quitting the ship.

We had a pleasant and speedy voyage as far as Cape Vincent, and made no doubt but that within fourteen or fifteen days we should make Cadiz. But in the evening we had a great storm, attended with thunder and lightning, which obliged us to hand our sails, and lie to, a great part of the night; tho' the wind never rose to that violence we apprehended, nor was it of long continuance; for in the morning all

was serene again. But the wind continuing in the opposite quarter, detained us a fortnight. The weather proved so fine, and the sea so calm, that we visited one another from ship to ship in the boats. We were several times entertained with the sporting of a multitude of dolphins, which the sailors say foretel wind. At length we came to an anchor in Cadiz-bay, having entered it between two rocks; the one called the Puercos, which appears above water; and the other, the Diamond, which is always covered with the sea. Cadiz is one of the most opulent cities in all Spain. Here are several houses of antient architecture, unquestionably built by the Moors. At a small

small distance from the town is a little wood, called the Retames, consisting of trees and wild bushes, interspersed with furz, which, being in flower, sent forth a most delightful fragrancý.

The churches are not large, but elegant; particularly the altars are magnificent with silver, and the images of the saints very splendidly adorned.

As to the markets, they abound with provisions of all kinds; and it is admirable to see so great and rich variety of the fruits of the earth.

Here we first eat an olla, a favourite dish of the Spaniards: it is composed of a great variety of flesh and herbs, and very delicious.

The

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 123

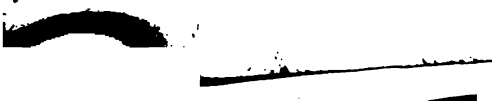
The women wear no stays, but a jacket only, over which they have a manteline, or short cloak, finely embroidered. In general, throughout Spain, the ladies in their visits are dressed in the utmost splendor. Instead of chairs, they sit on cushions laid on the floor. They vie with each other in ornamenting their mantelines, and indeed in adorning all the other branches of their apparel, which are richly embroidered with gold and silver. But their linen exceeds all, being of the most exquisite workmanship.

They are great lovers of sweetmeats and chocolate; and fond of hearing and reading plays; also of acting them in parties, having a  
lively

124    M E M O I R S of the  
lively imagination. They take  
great pleasure in walking abroad,  
or riding in their glittering caros  
drawn by mules.

Having stayed a few days at  
Cadiz to rest ourselves, and see  
what was most remarkable, we  
hired a caro for the countess,  
and, with horses and mules, set  
out on our journey for the banks  
of the Guadalquivir: we crossed  
that river, and arrived at the ha-  
bitation of the Villadorians.

C H A P.



## C H A P. XI.

**W**E entered by a narrow pass into a large valley encompassed with hills, the tops of which were covered with trees of pleasant shade, together with olive, pomgranate, and orange trees. The houses of the Villadorians were built of white stone, and covered with a blue slate that glittered in the sun, and being scattered up and down among the fruitful hills and green valleys, formed a delightful scene. The lofty mountains, which appeared at a distance, served as a barrier against the winds.

On

On the opposite bank of the river appeared the town of St. Lucar, formerly the greatest port of Spain, before the galleons unloaded their treasure at the port of Cadiz. Here the Atlantic ocean bounded the horizon. As we advanced into the valley, we were invited into a neighbouring grove by the sound of harmonious music. There we beheld a number of men, elegantly drest in long robes of the finest dyes: some were of silk, some of cloth, plain, or richly embroidered;—and over-against them sat an assembly of women, of equally elegant appearance, who listened to a concert of music, or else joined in it. We were pleased to see,  
in-

instead of austere, melancholy religionists, an agreeable and polite people, like the Citterns.

These philosophers too, like them, looked upon music as something heavenly, and proper to calm the passions ; for which reason they always began and finished the day by concerts, asserting what the poet says,

Man may justly tuneful strains admire ;  
His soul is music, and his breast a lyre ;  
A lyre, which, while its various notes agree,  
Enjoys the sweet of its own harmony.

After they had given some little time in the morning to this exercise, they went through delightful walks to a sacred mount,  
where



where stood a temple of marble. There they offered their homage to heaven. The rest of the day was spent in several entertaining and useful employments; such as reading, painting, sculpture, poetry, meditation on the sublime sciences.

Their grand repast was a little before sun-set, at which time they ate of all viands and fruits, wholesome and pleasant to taste, and drank moderately of the most fragrant wines, still intermixing music at proper times. Other men begin not the education of their children till after they are born; but these philosophers seemed to do it before. While their wives were with child, they took  
care

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'care to keep them always in tranquillity and chearfulness, by innocent amusements, by pleasant and virtuous theatrical entertainments, which they performed amongst themselves, and by the charms of music†; to the end, that the children born of them might be of a good-humoured, sweet, and pleasant disposition.

They wore rich cloathing; not as they set any value upon it, but in order, as they said, to encourage the industry of manufacturers, and genius of all kinds. They said, that the gilding of the box did not rob the perfume within of its fragrancy.

† The Citterns and Villadorians, in this respect, imitate the antient Eastern Magi.

Each sage had his province in the empire of philosophy. Some studied the virtues of plants, others the course of the stars; some delighted in history, others in poetry. But the aim of all their researches and employments was to admire and celebrate the glory of the great Theodoron; for so amongst themselves they called the First Cause.

As soon as we entered into the grove the assembly rose up, and received us with politeness, perceiving we were people of rank and then retiring, left us alone with their chief. This philosopher, whose name was Sophro led us to a grand alcove, where was a noble picture of a woman  
wh

which he had painted with his own hands. She was drest in the manner of a nymph. Her robe was tucked up above one knee, and upon her legs were embroidered buskins. In her hand she held a cittern, to which she seemed to attune her voice, and sing. We all sat down in this place; and on a marble table, in a corner of the alcove, was set some wine and fruits. We just tasted them; and the polite sage, after we had told him who we were, and that we came to Spain to see the several curiosities of the country, at our request, entertained us with a discourse of the life, manners, and virtues of the Villadorians, of which I have

132 MEMOIRS of the  
given an account. While he was  
speaking, he frequently cast a  
look upon the picture, and, as he  
beheld it, he put on a pleasant  
smile. We all observed it, and  
the countess could not forbear ask-  
ing him the reason of it. That  
picture, answered he, is the pic-  
ture of Indiasana, who heretofore  
loved me as you now love your  
husband. It is here I come to  
spend my sweetest moments. Nei-  
ther the pleasures I taste in phi-  
losophy, nor music, nor social ban-  
quets, nor delicious wines, nor  
more delightful conversations, are  
so charming to my soul as the dear  
remembrance of my loved India-  
sana. True virtue, though it re-  
gulates the passions, does not ex-  
tinguish

**Chevalier PIERPOINT. 133**  
anguish tender sentiments. These  
ords gave us a curiosity to know  
e history of his life. The sage  
ught not to excuse himself; and,  
ter a little silence, he began in  
e following manner.

## The History of the VILLADORIAN.

**I** Was born of a noble extraction : my father had a large estate in Sicily. As I took great delight in hunting, I frequently went to a country-house of my father's, to take that diversion. There one day, when I had been long in the pursuit of a deer, being separated from my attendants, and having lost my way in a wood of great extent, after I had rode up and down the forest a while in vain, I felt myself more weary than usual ; and being incommoded by the heat of the day and extream thirst, I sought by-paths unknown to me,  
for

for some little brook in the wood, in order to get some refreshment. I found one by good fortune. I alighted, and having tied my horse to a tree, and drank of the stream, I walked gently along the borders of it to find out a place free from the beams of the sun, where I might rest myself for some time. I had gone but a little way with this intention, when I found a most convenient place for my purpose, both in regard to the shade it received from some thick trees, and of the green velvet grass that covered the banks of the rivulet. I saw and chose out a pleasant spot at a distance. It was set with bushes of wild roses, with eglantine and sweet briars. I went for-



ward to it, when, to my surprize, I perceived a young maid, nymph-like, who was there reposing herself. This accident did not at all displease me; and out of curiosity, conformable to my age, I went softly nearer to take a view of her face. I no sooner beheld it, but I felt myself overawed by most excellent beauty, the lustre of which dazzled my sight, though her eyes were closed in a profound sleep. She was laid in a decent attitude, amongst a confusion of flowers, her head reposed upon her arm. And, will you believe me, her appearance seemed to me so far above all that is mortal, that at first sight I was struck with such a reverence and awe, as we are used to have  
for

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Chevalier PIERPOINT. 137

for something divine. I blest my good fortune, that had brought me to the sight of such an object ; and while I gazed upon her aspect with fixed attention, I felt a flame like soft lightning glide through my bosom ; and suffered my soul to be engaged, without endeavouring to defend its liberty. If we must love beauty, said I secretly, where shall I find it in a more perfect form ; and if the senses have any power to persuade reason, nothing in the world can be more worthy of love than such a charming object. But possibly, added I, that which sleep hides from my knowledge is very different from what it leaves discovered. Those eyes, which are now closed, perhaps

haps are as full of deformed passions, as the rest of the countenance is of sweetness. And the mind, whose beauties, as well as those of the body, ought to contribute to the birth of a reasonable love, is possibly as defective, as the person appears full of perfection. I wished to be satisfied, but I durst not awake her : I was afraid to disturb a repose, which already began to be precious to me. I accused that sleep, which robbed me of so many treasures, without having the boldness to interrupt it.

At length perceiving she began to awake, I hastily receded some paces, for fear of being surprised so nearly looking upon her, which  
my

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 139  
my regard for her loveliness began  
to condemn.

At her awaking, she cast her eyes on the nearest objects, and seeing a man in that solitary place, she started up in confusion, and blushed like the roses about her. I was troubled to see her fear, and said, Fair maid ! fear not ; chance has hither led my steps, having lost myself while I was hunting in the forest. She made me no answer, but fled away between the trees with wonderful swiftness. I followed her with my eyes, observing, as far as I could, the way by which she went.

She no sooner disappeared, but a sigh arose from my breast : I seemed deprived of a pleasing sight;

whose splendor I had rejoiced in for a moment. I ran over in thought, every place where I imagined she might dwell. Thou flyest from me, said I, but in vain. The thickest shade cannot hide thy beauty; by that I will find thee, wherever thou art concealed.

After so saying, I turned towards the side of the brook, and looked awhile on the flowery spot where she lay. I laid me down near it; but her sweet idea prevented my taking any slumber, as I had proposed. I had not remained long in this situation, before my attendants, who had sought me a good while through the forest, arrived at the place where

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where I was. I mounted my horse again, and departed with them. From that time I made the most diligent search for her, but to no purpose. At length it so fortuned, that as I was riding one evening by the side of the same forest, I perceived her with a sister of the Sereneists, that had their habitation near the wood, not many furlongs from the sea. Upon my approach, they opened a little door that let into a garden, surrounded with high walls. They both went in hastily, and closed the gate after them. This discovery gave me infinite satisfaction.

These Sereneists are a company of ladies, who lead a recluse life in that part of the country. They  
are

142 MEMOIRS of the  
are generally ladies of small fortunes, who take to that pleasant retreat : but they may quit it whenever they please, and marry. Their house is situated on a rising ground, that overlooks some vineyards and gardens on one side ; on the other, there is a large prospect of the sea Upon enquiry, I learnt that her name, whom I sought, was Indiasana ; that she was the youngest daughter of a knight of St. Severino, who had impoverished himself to marry her two sisters to two personages of rank, but who had run out their estates ; and that her father being now dead, as well as her mother, her relations had placed her among the Sereneists. My father was very rich ;

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rich; but as he was yet living, I was not in a condition to propose to marry this young lady, without the assistance of his wealth; and I knew very well he would never give his consent, because he was excessively fond of high rank and title, and had formed the design to match me with the daughter of a grandee of Spain, the condee of Latmos.

However, difficulties did but encrease my passion; and the violence of it quickened my ingenuity. I was in the flower of youth: I disguised myself in the habit of a girl; and taking with me a purse of five hundred doubloons, which I had by me, I went to the Serenists. I deceived the chief lady  
with



with a feigned story; and by the help of my gold, got admittance into the house, under the name of Dorana. My father, whose eldest son I was, ordered search to be made every where for me; but to no purpose. Indiafana, not knowing my sex, conceived a particular liking and friendship for me. We passed our time together in reading, walking, and other amusements. I would fain have assisted her in working of flowers, and other ornaments of gold and silver for the altars. She frequently endeavoured to teach me, and as often smiled at my defect of genius, and want of nicety of hand. To make some amends, while she was working, I told her stories of  
my

my own invention, setting forth the wonderful effects of love. Sometimes I grew so warm in my relations, that I almost forgot myself while I was speaking ; and she would interrupt me and say, Dorana ! you speak with such warmth and transport, that one would imagine you to feel that love you paint so well. Besides this, I composed songs for her, which she sung to a cittern, such as you there see in her hand, with a sweetness of voice, that would charm my soul into ecstasies. I lived in this manner several months with her, and now was determined at length to discover myself to her, and if possible engage her to marry me privately, and run my

146    M E M O I R S of the  
fortunes ; for I was above all dishonourable views. I naturally was inclined to virtue ; and had I not been so, her loveliness and innocence might have been sufficient to inspire it. I waited now only for a favourable moment to reveal my sentiments ; but the Heavens denied me that sweet moment, having destined me to more adventures.

One day, as she was sitting under an olive tree that was shedding its blossoms, and which stood near a lucent stream in the garden, I was beholding her from a window, and repeating these words to myself :

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 147

Da be' rami scendea  
Dolce ne la memoria  
Una pioggia di fior soua'l suo grembo ;  
Et ella si sedea  
Humile in tanta gloria,  
Coverta gia de l'amoroso nembo :  
Qual fior cadea sul lembo,  
Qual fu le treccie bionde :  
Ch'oro forbito, e perle  
Eran quel dì a vederle :  
Qual si posava in terra, e qual su l'onde :  
Qual con un vago errore  
Girando pareva dir ; qui regna amore.

Th' admiring boughs, in fragrant show'rs,  
Shed on her lap a thousand flow'rs ;  
While, modest as her charms are great,  
She humble mid such glory fate :  
Some blossoms grac'd her garment fair,  
And some the tresses of her hair,  
Which then seem'd beauteous to behold,  
As rich enamel laid on gold.

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Some

# 148 MEMOIRS of the

Some on the ground's gay verdure came,  
 Some floated on the crystal stream,  
 Some circling through the air did rove,  
 And seem'd to say, "This is the realm of love."

While in admiration of her I was repeating these verses, on a sudden two men armed rushed into the garden, who immediately seized and carried off Indiasana towards the sea. I alarmed the house, but to no purpose : I ran down into the garden, and followed them through the gate they went out at ; but they soon had got aboard a boat that waited for them, and rowed away for a galley, which I presently knew to be an Algerine. I did not return to the Sereneists, but stole away privately ; and changing my disguise

wei

went back to my father's house. But there I found a strange alteration. My father seemed more surprised than pleased to see me again; for my younger brother was now all his attention. He had settled his estate upon him, and married him to a niece of the prince of Poggione, an heiress very rich. My mind being filled with the idea of Indiafana, and not setting any value on the world without her, at my father's desire, and not to give him trouble, I agreed with him to give up my title to his estate, provided he would put me in immediate possession of twenty thousand gold ducats; with the interest of which sum I proposed to go travel in search of

Indiasana. He willingly accepted my offer, and paid me the sum, which I put into good hands. In the mean time certain news arrived, that the Algerine, which had carried off Indiasana, having been driven out of her course by stress of weather, had anchored near the island to take in fresh water; that two of the crew looking over the garden wall, had spied Indiasana, were struck with her beauty, and resolved to carry her off for the seraglio of the dey; but that the Turks in their return were intercepted by a Spanish vessel, which had chased them beyond their own ports, and driven their galley ashore on the coast of the kingdom of Granada. I now  
con-

conceived hopes of finding Indisana again. I left the island ; and embarking on board a vessel bound for Malaga, I landed at that port. I enquired concerning the Turkish ship that had been driven ashore upon the coast of that kingdom ; but could gain no tidings of her. At length, after having travelled four days, making the same enquiry to no purpose, and suspecting now that the account I had heard was not true, I began to be more than ever troubled in my mind, when my hopes were again revived at Almeria, where I arrived that evening. There I got intelligence, that the Spanish vessel had taken all who were in the Algerine, and carried them to Ali-



cant. I had now some glimmering hope ; but it soon vanished ; for arriving at Alicant, I was informed that all the Algerine prisoners were in the castle of Alicant, except a young lady of great beauty, whom they had with them, and who had been carried away by a lady of rank who was passing through Alicant. I asked the persons who gave me this information, whether they could remember the name ? They answered, that it was the duchess of Braganza ; and that she had taken the way to the kingdom of Leon, as they had learned from the servants. I went to Leon, but could get no intelligence. In short, I wandered over all Spain  
and

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Chevalier PIERPOINT. 153  
and Portugal in a fruitless search ;  
and came at length back again to  
Granada. When, behold how  
Heaven directs events ! one day as  
I was crossing that kingdom, I  
stopped by the side of a great fo-  
rest, to shelter myself from the  
excessive heat. My servants had  
hardly unbridled the mules for re-  
freshment, when I saw a company  
of hunters pass by ; and a little  
after several women, among whom  
I thought I discovered Indiafana.  
She was in a hunting dress, and  
distinguished from all the rest by  
a coronet of gold. She passed by  
me so swiftly, that I could not be  
sure whether my conjectures were  
well founded. After a little re-  
freshment, I rode along the side  
of

154      M E M O I R S of the  
of the forest, till I came to a small  
house, pleasantly situated amongst  
a few trees. By the sign set out  
at the door, I found it was a sort  
of inn, where they sold wines.  
The master of the house was a  
grave old man, dressed in an old  
rusty coat of green velvet. I asked  
him what that company was which  
I had seen pass by in the forest.  
He answered, It was the duchess  
of Alanza, with her hunting at-  
tendants; and that he was her  
game-keeper. Where, said I, is  
the duke? The duke, replied he,  
is dead, and has left this young  
duchess the possession of this estate  
during her life. He was an old  
man when he married her, and fell  
in love with her through a strange  
ad-

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 155  
adventure. An Algerine was taken  
by a vessel belonging to the duke  
of Alanza, and among the cap-  
tives was this young lady of ex-  
cellent beauty. It happened, that  
the old duchess of Alanza was  
passing through Alicant, when  
the duke's vessel put in there with  
his prisoners. She saw this young  
lady; and taking a liking to her  
person, carried her away with her  
to Leon, where the duke then  
was. She was presented to him,  
the duchess at the same time telling  
him where she had met with her;  
and that she was the daughter of  
a knight of St. Severino in Sicily:  
that both her parents being dead,  
and she having but a small fortune,  
her relations had entered her into  
the

the sisterhood of Sereneists in that island; and that she had been taken away from thence by an Algerine, who had landed near the garden of their house. The duke was so pleased with her person, that he placed her near his duchess, and sent to Sicily to examine the truth of what he had heard. All was confirmed; upon which the duke gave her the choice either to stay with the duchess, or return to her former situation. She had soon contracted a great friendship with the duchess, so resolved to stay where she was. The duchess of Alanza died about two years after; but the duke would not part with Indiafana (for that was her name) and in a short time

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 157  
time married her. He lived about two years only ; and having no children by this young duchess, he left her this noble house and estate for her life. At the name of Indiasana, what transport of joy did I feel ! Heaven, thought I, has now made me more than sufficient amends for all my trouble. One look of her will make me forget all the pains of so long an absence. I immediately conceived the mistake of the name of Braganza for Alanza. I then considered by what means I should introduce myself to her. I went to Guadix, that being the next town. There I hired a well-furnished lodging. I bought me an handsome hunting suit, being a short blue coat, embroidered

158 MEMOIRS of the  
broidered with gold. I constantly  
attended the duchess when she  
went a hunting, which was one  
of her favourite diversions. She  
took notice of me ; and being in-  
formed that I was a stranger tra-  
velling through Spain, one day as  
our chase led us near her castle,  
she very civilly sent to invite me  
to dinner. I was conducted into  
a room, where were several ladies.  
She told me she was herself a  
stranger in the kingdom of Gra-  
nada, and took pleasure in enter-  
taining strangers who passed by  
her castle ; and that as she had  
heard I loved hunting, she hoped  
I would make use of her woods,  
while I staid at Guadix. I thanked  
her with the greatest demonstra-  
tions

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 159

tions of respect; and soon after we sat down to dinner. It was almost impossible for her to recollect me: we had been separated six years; and grief, fatigue, and sun-burn had altered my features and complexion. While we were at our repast, I often surprised her eyes fixed upon me, and she seemed to examine my face with more than common curiosity. When she perceived I observed her, she blushed, and turned her face and discourse another way; while I thought I discovered in her look a secret emotion, which she endeavoured to hide. After dinner, she politely questioned me concerning my name, my family, and



160 MEMOIRS of the  
and country. I was charmed to  
enjoy her company thus, awhile  
unknown; so would not discover  
myself at once. Besides, as here-  
tofore I had thought her of good  
rank, and but small fortune, and  
yet would have shared, had it been  
in my power, my large fortunes  
with her; so now, through a ca-  
priciousness of love, I had a mind  
to try if I could engage her to  
love me as I had loved her. I con-  
cealed my country, and my birth,  
and told her that I was born in the  
state of Lucca, of an antient fa-  
mily; but that, being a younger  
brother, I had but a small fortune.  
After this short account she  
changed the discourse: and while  
the

the company went to several amusements, I took the opportunity to see the apartments.

After this first interview, she used frequently to invite me to her parties of pleasure; and under pretence of enquiring concerning my travels, betrayed a secret pleasure in discoursing with me. I often painted forth my own sentiments in stories of my own invention. I had a fertile imagination, which furnished me sufficiently with histories for that purpose. She, in her turn, gave me an account of her living among the Sereneists; of her friendship for Dorana; and their mutual affection. Scarce was I able to contain myself when I heard her speak; I was

162      M E M O I R S . of the  
just ready to throw off all disguise ;  
but my false delicacy required, as  
I have said, that she should do  
for me, what I would have done  
for her ; and I was quickly satis-  
fied.

A day being appointed for hunt-  
ing a wild boar in the forest, we  
set out with her usual retinue.  
When we came to the scene of  
sport, which was a wood between  
two high mountains, there we  
alighted and took our several sta-  
tions. I took mine near the du-  
chess, who remained on her steed,  
a bright bay, with trappings of  
silver ; and in her hand she held  
a zagaggia, or Moorish javelin.  
And now the boar was roused from  
his covert : the hounds opened,

the French-horns sounded, and mixing with the shouts of the huntsmen, made a most chearful music, which was returned from the echoing hills. Presently we saw the boar of a monstrous size, come on, gnashing his teeth and tusks all white with foam ; and being closely pursued by the dogs and huntsmen, he made furiously towards the place where the duchess stood. The duchess, who had been used to the sport, lanced her javelin at him, and wounded him in the shoulder. This made him more furious ; and immediately, as their custom is, he turned him to the duchess, who had wounded him. The duchess's horse, though used to the sport,

164      M E M O I R S of the  
was terrified; and drawing back,  
found the stump of a tree in his  
way that overthrew him. India-  
fana fell on her side, and the boar  
was ready with his tusks to re-  
venge the blood her javelin had  
drawn from him. Judge what  
was my trouble, when I beheld  
her danger. I rushed on the wings  
of love between her and the sa-  
vage; and was so lucky, that with  
my hanger I pierced his heart.  
He fell at the feet of the duchess,  
who was already risen from the  
ground. She had not been hurt  
in the fall; but as for me, I had  
received a wound in my thigh,  
from one of the boar's tusks. She  
ordered me to be brought to the  
castle, and a splendid apartment  
to

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 165  
to be prepared for me. She sent me word, that she desired I would stay at the castle till my wound was healed ; that it was the least she could offer to a person, to whom, in all probability, she owed her life. You may easily imagine how willingly I accepted the offer. I sent her word, by her confidante, that I thought myself happy in having preserved a life so precious ; and that it was an encrease of that happiness, that she would suffer me, even for a little time, to be so near her person. I was attended with the utmost care and diligence ; and every thing was sent me that the greatest person could command.

Amongst other things, which she propos'd for my amusement, she bade her woman ask me, if one of her attendants should entertain me with some music. I answer'd, that it would be a relief to my pain. Accordingly, that evening, a most sweet voice sung these words in Spanish to a guitar :

I'm there with thee, and here with me thou

Lodg'd in each other's heart:      [art,

Miracles cease not yet in love,

When he his mighty pow'r will try,

Absence itself does bounteous prove,

And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.\*

\* These words are Mr. Cowley's; but as they answer exactly to the sense of the Spanish, I thought I could not do better than make use of them,

I was

I was charmed with the voice, and much more when I knew it again to be Indiafana's; and I remembered I had taught her those words, when we were among the Serenists.

The next day, upon a piece of Indian paper, which I found on a table of Japan, I wrote with a pencil the following words, and begged that the person who sung the evening before would sing them to the guitar.

Me, with thy purple wings, Love! hide,

While I approach Selinda fair,

Secret to view her beauty's pride,

Her pleasing words and strains to hear.



Mean time, thou in her ear impart,  
How for her charms Amyntas dies;  
Then touch her with thy golden dart,  
And off her lover throw disguise.

The duchefs did as I desired,  
not imagining I knew it was she  
that sung.

This behaviour of hers satisfied  
me that she loved me, and I re-  
solved to make myself known to  
her the first time I waited on her.  
I soon got well of my wound; and  
having drest myself elegantly, I  
was conducted to the apartment  
where she was. After I had re-  
turned her thanks for her munifi-  
cent care of me, she desired me  
to sit down—then thus resumed  
her speech:—I have an offer to  
make

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 169

make you, which, if I can divine from your actions and words, will not be unacceptable to you. No offer, replied I, can come from your hand, but will be more precious to me than the golden fruit of the Hesperides. Know then, said she, the offer I design to make you is that of my hand: I owe my fortune, whatever it be, to you, because you saved my life, and I am willing to share that fortune with you. I rose up with transport, and taking her by the hand—What offer (said I, looking stedfastly upon her blushes) can be so acceptable to your Dorana? Ah, Indiafana, have you then forgot me? She looked upon me, she

she knew me, and, conjecturing all the rest, was so overcome with surprize and joy, that she fainted into my arms. I called some of her attendants, and we soon brought her to herself. I sat down by her; I told her my family, my adventures, and all the effects that love had produced in me. Our nuptials, in a few days, were celebrated with pomp and magnificence.

I thought no more of the fortune I had given up; I was in possession of Indiasana, and my happiness was complete: but, alas! this happiness lasted but a short time. Indiasana was taken from me in about three years after our  
mar-

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 171  
marriage. I gave myself up to  
excessive sorrow : nor consolation  
of friends, nor any diversion, could  
charm my griefs. When as I was  
walking one day in the forest, I  
sat down in a bower, I had form-  
ed there with myrtle trees, and  
fell into a short sleep ; when, me-  
thought, Indiasana appeared to me.  
She was drest in a veil, spangled  
with stars : her face, tho' adorned  
with celestial splendor and an im-  
mortal bloom, was well known to  
me. She seemed to wipe off my  
tears, and say, Forbear, my Love !  
these fruitless sorrows for me : be-  
hold how exalted, how beautiful  
I appear. One day we shall meet  
again in the empyrean region,  
where

- where Love eternal reigns, if your vain passion prevent it not. I desire you, therefore, whenever you
- look upon my portrait, to reflect on this vision, and to testify your joy with a pleasant countenance.
- Thus having said, she drew her rays about her, like a golden shrine, and closed herself from my sight. I wakened in a rapture, and, lifting up my hands, I cried out, O Indiasana, Indiasana ! my only comfort is the hope of seeing you again. Your felicity has already begun mine. It was no vain dream : I saw and knew again that grace, that dignity, that modesty, with which you were always adorned. Death in you has
- not

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 173  
not made any change, save that  
an immortal beauty has taken  
place of one fading and mortal.  
You are exalted, and crowned  
with a divine splendor; and to  
your former excellent dispositions  
are added the transports of an  
heavenly joy. I know, that in  
those superior regions your happi-  
ness will not be complete, till I  
share it with you. Those who  
have loved each other truly, will  
love for ever. True love is a ce-  
lestial flame, that will burn and  
shine when time and death shall  
be no more.

After the death of Indiasana, I  
formed to myself a new plan of  
happiness. My father was dead :

I went

I went to see my brother, who would have had me live with him; but I resolved upon retreat and study. I had inherited large riches from my wife: I settled them all upon two children I had by her, a boy and a girl; and made my retreat here on the banks of the Guadilquivir, among the Villadorians, who have chosen me for their head. I sometimes go to see the offspring of Indiana, and am pleased to behold her likeness revive in them.

Here Sophron ended his history, which gave us great pleasure, and confirmed the counts and me in our mutual affection and tenderness.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XIII.

THE sage treated us with an excellent repast, and invited to it several Villadorian ladies, to keep the countess company. The conversation was sprightly, sensible, and polite. I took particular notice of a little woman, who, tho' at least fifty years of age, charmed all present. She was not handsome; but she was agreeable, and was possessed of those ever new and ever blooming charms, which are not to be found in beauty alone. She was the daughter of a rich Greek merchant of Alexandria. Her father dying, she married a Villadorian, who



176      M E M O I R S of the  
who at that time traded to Grand  
Cairo.

After this regale, Sophron carried us to see the dramatic entertainments of the Villadorians. The theatre was magnificent, and the decorations pompous. The philosopher directed a tragedy to be acted, which one of the Villadorians had lately composed. The subject was Donna Bianca, queen of Arragon, whom the king her husband, Pedro the Cruel, unjustly caused to be put to death. Sophron, having placed us in a seat most convenient for seeing and hearing, took his seat near us, and explained to us his design in encouraging such representations.

The

The theatre, said the sage, is a living picture of the virtues and passions of men: imitation deceives the mind into a belief that the objects are really present, and not represented. The drama is only an abridgment of epic poetry. The one is an action recited; the other, an action represented. The one recounts the successive triumphs of virtue over vice and fortune; the other represents the unforeseen mischiefs caused by the passions: the one may abound with the marvellous and supernatural, because it treats of heroic exploits, which Heaven alone inspires; but in the other, the natural must be joined with the

178 MEMOIRS of the  
surprising, to shew the genuine  
effects and play of human pas-  
sions. The heaping of wonders  
upon wonders transports the mind  
beyond the limits of nature;  
but it only excites admiration:  
on the contrary, by describing the  
effects of virtue and vice, both  
without us and within us, man  
is brought to see and know him-  
self; the heart is touched, while  
the mind is delighted and amused.  
To reach the sublime, the poet  
must be a philosopher. The  
most beautiful flowers, graces,  
and paintings, only please the  
imagination, without satisfying the  
heart, or improving the under-  
standing. Solid principles, noble  
scen-

sentiments, and various characters, must be dispersed throughout, in order to display to us truth, virtue, and nature. Man must be represented as he is, and as he appears, in his native colours, and under his disguises, that the picture may resemble the original, in which there is always a contrast of virtues and imperfections. At the same time it is necessary to conform to the weakness of mankind: too much moralizing tires, too much reasoning chills the mind. We must turn maxims into action, convey noble sentiments by a single stroke, and instruct rather by the manners of the hero than by his discourse.

These are the great rules founded upon human nature, and the springs which must be put in motion, to make pleasure serviceable to instruction. It argues an ignorance of human nature, to think of leading it to wisdom at once by constraint and severity. During the sprightliness and fire of youth, there is no fixing the attention of the mind, but by amusing it. This age is always upon its guard against precepts; and therefore, that they may be relished, it is necessary to disguise them under the form of pleasure.

While Sophron was thus speaking, the theatre was filled with  
the

the Villadorians, their wives, and youth of both sexes, who made a very brilliant appearance. The play was performed to admiration by the young Villadorians; they had nature, fire, and good sense in their pronunciation and action. She who represented queen Bianca was a lovely young lady, about fourteen years of age. She was drest, according to her innocence and name, in silver tissue. Her complexion was fair, her eyes blue, and the rays, that sparkled from her aspect, were united with those of a starry diadem. Her locks hung in buckles on her white neck and smooth shoulders; her

182 MEMOIRS of the  
step and motions were graceful,  
and full of dignity. I cannot  
liken her better than to the  
person of Venus in the *Æneid*:

—She turn'd and made appear  
Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair;  
Which flowing from her shoulders reach'd  
the ground,  
And widely spread ambrosial scents around :  
In length of train descends her sweeping  
gown,  
And by her graceful walk the Queen of  
Love is known.

The play was attended with ap-  
plause of hands, and accompanied  
with excellent music. I never  
was better entertained in my life.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

WE spent some time with the sage Villadorian in his retreat. In the mean while Sophron laid open to us the treasures and ornaments of nature, and the sublime doctrines of religion.

One while he made us observe and admire the structure and beauty of the earth. If we look down upon the earth, said he, we behold a ruin indeed; but such a one as still retains some marks, though obscure, of its antient magnificence. It crowns itself with harvests; it adorns itself

N 4

with



484 MEMOIRS of the

with verdure to chear our sight ;  
it nourishes, together with man,  
the beasts that serve or nourish  
him. All things are renewed  
again every year. The trees af-  
ford a pleasant shade from the  
heats of summer, and fire to tem-  
per the cold of winter. The  
groves are filled with variety of  
natural music. The blossoms,  
that embellish nature, promise the  
fruits. The fruits of delicious  
flavour and taste, drop into our  
hands at the usual seasons. The  
riches of the field spread abun-  
dantly immediately before the sea-  
son, whose rigour suspends labour.  
The streams fall in foaming cas-  
cades from the mountains. The  
rivers,

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 185  
rivers, after having watered and  
enriched divers countries, and fa-  
cilitated commerce, precipitate  
themselves into the sea. The sea,  
far from depriving men of all so-  
ciety, is, on the contrary, the  
center of commerce between the  
most distant nations.

Another time he carried us  
with him into the bowels of the  
earth, and shewed us the trea-  
sures therein contained. The se-  
veral antient nations, said he, who  
conquered Spain, were, in their  
turns, enriched by the treasures  
which the country produced from  
its mines, as rich as those of  
Mexico and Peru. The silver  
mines of Spain are still far from  
being

being exhausted; there are some in the province of Estramadura, that yield plenty of ore.

The mines of Peru and Castella del Oro are esteemed now the richest in the world, yielding gold and silver in abundance, and not being destitute of other metals; insomuch that the natives of Peru, and the Spaniards, used to boast, that this kingdom was founded upon gold and silver. There were formerly mines about the town of Quito, which produced more gold than earth. And when the Spaniards made their first expedition into the golden country, they found several houses, especially in the regal city, Cusco, which were  
all

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 187  
all covered over within and without with plates of massy gold; and the officers of the Peruvian forces not only wore silver armour, but all their arms were made of pure gold. The most rich and advantageous mine of silver is in the mountains of Potosi, where twenty thousand workmen are daily employed to dig it, and carry it up at least four hundred steps. These mines produce that vast quantity of gold and silver, which the king of Spain receives out of America every year; and which he keeps fortified with strong forts and garrisons.

In

In Guinea there are several mountains that produce gold ; but they are remote from the shore ; and the gold dust which is brought from thence, is not dug out of the ground, but gathered up and down by the natives. Their inland kings possess each his mine ; the product of which he sells to the neighbouring merchants, and they again to others, till it reaches the sea-shore, where it is exchanged with the Europeans.

I pass over the mines of Germany, of which some produce small quantities of gold, others silver in abundance, and a great many of them copper, iron, lead, vitriol,

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 189  
vitriol, antimony. These you  
have seen.

Sweden is enriched with the  
best copper mine of any hitherto  
discovered. It is in a vast high  
mountain, out of which as much  
copper is dug as makes up a third  
part of the king's revenue.

There are mines of precious  
stones found in the island of Cey-  
lon, and also in Congo (where  
there is a silver mine) and so much  
fine marble, that the earth under  
ground is thought to be all mar-  
ble.

In the kingdom of Golconda, in  
India, there are mines which yield  
precious stones, especially dia-  
monds in abundance. These are  
the

190 MEMOIRS of the  
the richest mines I can recollect.  
The world (added he, addressing  
himself to the countess) was  
framed, at first, of such rich ma-  
terials; and the gold and precious  
gems we find are but the reliques  
of that antient world.

After this he raised our thoughts  
to the stars, and shewed us the  
different forms and motions of  
those great luminaries; and was  
pleased to see the countess look  
through his telescopes and ob-  
serve them.

One evening after supper, and  
our usual concert of music, we  
went to take a walk upon the  
banks of the sea. The air, from  
the heat of the preceding day, was  
ex-

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 191  
extremely refreshing, the moon  
about an hour high, and her lustre,  
between the trees, made a most  
agreeable mixture of light and  
shade. The stars were arranged  
in all their glory, and not a cloud  
appeared throughout the hemi-  
sphere. Such was the beauteous  
sereneness of the night, when the  
sage Villadorian began to unveil  
to the countess the starry worlds;  
for to her he particularly addressed  
himself.

That noble expanse, which ap-  
pears farthest from the earth where  
we reside, is called the Heavens,  
that azure firmament, where the  
stars are fastened like so many gol-  
den nails. They are called *Fixed*

*Stars,*



192 MEMOIRS of the  
*Stars*, because they seem to have  
no other motion than that of the  
horizon, which carries them with  
itself from east to west.

Between the earth and this great  
blue vault, as one may call it,  
hang, at different heights, the  
sun and the moon, with the other  
five stars, Mercury, Venus, Mars,  
Jupiter, Saturn, which we call  
the planets. These planets not  
being fastened to the same heaven,  
and having very unequal motions,  
have divers aspects and positions;  
whereas the *Fixt Stars*, in respect  
of one another, are always in the  
same situation. The seven stars,  
for example, which you see in the  
north, have been, and ever will  
be,

Chevalier P L E R P O I N T : 193.  
be, as they are now : but the moon  
is sometimes nearer the sun, and  
sometimes at a greater distance  
from it ; and so are the rest of the  
planets. Thus things appeared to  
the old Chaldean shepherds, whose  
great leisure under their serene  
sky, as some think, produced the  
first observations, which have since  
been the foundation of astronomy ;  
while others are of opinion, that  
astronomy was best known among  
the Arabians, whose country is in  
a great measure barren and deso-  
late ; whose climate is so scorch-  
ing, that they can hardly stir  
abroad in the day, and whose de-  
light it is to lie on their house-  
tops in the night, contemplating  
VOL. I. O the

194 MEMOIRS of the  
the heavenly bodies that roll over  
their heads with such amazing  
splendor. Geometry sprung from  
Ægypt, where the inundations of  
the Nile, confounding the bounds  
of the fields, occasioned the invent-  
ing more exact measures to distin-  
guish every one's land from that  
of his neighbor's. So that astro-  
nomy may be said to be the daugh-  
ter of admiration of the works of the  
great Theodoron; geometry, the  
offspring of self-interest: and if we  
examine poetry; we shall find her  
to be the offspring of divine love.  
I am glad, said the countess, to  
have learned the genealogy of the  
sciences. But how is poetry the  
daughter of divine love? Poetry,  
an-

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 195  
answered the philosopher, is a  
more serious and useful art than is  
commonly imagined. Religion  
consecrated it to its own use, from  
the beginning of the world; be-  
fore men had a word of sacred  
scripture. The songs they learned  
by heart, preserved the remem-  
brance of the creation, and the  
tradition of the wonderful works  
of the great Theondoron. No-  
thing can equal the magnificence  
and transport of the songs of  
Moses. The sacred writings are  
full of poetry, even in those places  
where there is not the least ap-  
pearance of versification. Thus  
you see how poetry is the off-

196 MEMOIRS of the  
spring of grateful love to Theon-  
doron.

The countess then asked him  
concerning the worship of the  
stars, and the rise of astrology.  
Of which he gave the following  
account.

We are, said he, a race of fallen  
intelligences.--Angels, than whom  
we were formed a little lower in  
glory, did at first converse fami-  
liarly with us. A part of these  
saw, after the great transgression,  
having become enamoured with  
the daughters of men, who had  
not yet lost all their original  
beauty and brightness: and from  
them sprung a race, half human,  
half

---

half-divine: of which the heathens shew they had a tradition, by the fabulous relations of their demi-gods. Others of these excellent beings withdrew from men. But men did a long time retain, from tradition the remembrance of those bright intelligences, and besought their protection and influence, when invisible. They thought them ascended to the stars, their habitation. Hence sprung the worship of the stars and planets, or of those intelligences that were thought to inhabit them. Hence also astrology, or the consulting the stars concerning future events. Thus men made gods of those intelli-

198 . MEMOIRS of the  
gences, with whom they had at  
first conversed as with their fellow-  
creatures, though of a superior or-  
der. They applied to them for  
assistance; they watched their as-  
pects, observing whether they  
shewed a mild lustre, or an an-  
gry flushing, and the like; and  
drew presages from thence. It is  
said of the antient Chaldeans, that  
they had no other gods but the  
stars\*, to whom they made sta-  
tues and images: those which they  
made to the sun, were of gold;  
those to the moon, of silver: and  
so to the rest of the planets they

\* This account of star-worship and astro-  
logy I have met with no where but among  
the Villadorians.

made

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 199

made images of the several metals they had dedicated to them.

He then proceeded again to the planets. He described the antient system of Ptolomy, who placed the earth in the center of the universe, and made all the planets and stars turn round it. The crystal heaven, that moved in a contrary direction to the sphere of fixt stars.

He next explained the Copernican system, that removed the earth from the honourable place it was in before, and set the sun there in its stead, making the planets to turn round that glorious luminary, from whence they draw their light. With his telescopes,



he shewed the countess, Saturn and his five moons; also the luminous ring that surrounds him.

Then Jupiter, that has three golden belts about him, and four moons in his attendance. The philosopher said, he thought Jupiter so fine a planet, that it had never suffered any alteration since its being set in the heavens.

Now I thoroughly understand, interrupted the countess, what a great Italian poet has in a description of the flight of an angel down to earth. I will repeat it to you.

For his grand flight his golden vans he  
 spreads, [exceeds.  
 So swift their motion ev'n all thought  
 He

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 201

He pass'd the fire and light, fixt glorious seat  
Of happy souls in their empyrean state;  
The crystal pure, the sphere that's 'gainst  
it turn'd,  
And all with stars, as with bright gems,  
adorn'd.

Then saw where, circling from the left  
hand, move  
The radiant orbs of Saturn and of Jove,  
Diff'rent in work and show: then others  
deem'd  
Stars wand'ring, but unjustly wand'ring  
nam'd;

If there some bright Intelligence presides,  
Informs their bodies, and their motion guides.  
And after, from the lightsome fields that  
flame  
With an eternal day, the angel came,  
With downward wing, to that æthereal plain,  
Whence thunders lighten, clouds descend in  
rain:

Where

202 MEMOIRS of the

Where the world's nurst by elemental strife,  
Subsists, dissolves, dies, and springs up to life.

Where'er he came, his presence glory  
brings,

The dark air fanning with his gorgeous  
wings.

Night's shades were gilded by the beams  
divine,

That streaming from his sparkling visage  
shine.

So, after rain, the sun-beams oft unfold,

And fringe the clouds with purple and with  
gold.

To the great Mother's lap a star's so seen,  
Descending radiant thro' the blue serene.

Here we have the empyrean,  
the crystal heaven, the fixt stars,  
and then the planets, as in your  
antient system.

What

What you observe, said the philosopher, is very true; you have them all in that grand description. The sage, in the next place, spoke of the fixt stars, as being so many suns enlightening a number of worlds, that lost us in immensity, and confounded the imagination. He assured her, that all the planets were inhabited: shewed her the milky way, a constellation of an innumerable number of stars together. A poet, added he, speaking of a beautiful woman, makes use of this comparison:

Her face resembles the bright milky way,  
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

And another, speaking of a lady's  
mind,

mind, adorned with several bright virtues, says,

'Tis like the milky way, sown thick with stars.

We are much obliged, said the countess, to those gentlemen the poets for their complaisance to our sex.

The sage Villadorian thus entertained us, till it grew towards that time of night which Torquato Tasso, in his second book of the *Jerusalemme*, describes in these beautiful verses:

Now night had spread her spangled canopy,	}
The weary world did all in silence lie,	
Hush'd were the winds and waves, serenely bright the sky.	

The

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 205

The fishes, which the liquid lakes contain,  
That swim the azure kingdoms of the main;  
The flocks and herds on grassy couches laid,  
The painted birds, amid the sylvan shade,  
Under the shadows, in oblivion deep,  
Sweeten'd their hearts, and lull'd their cares  
asleep.

When, looking towards the sea,  
we perceived an object that took  
all our attention. It was a great  
fire, that arose from the waves.  
The flames, in some places, mixed  
with thick smoke, rolled them-  
selves in great volumes towards  
the stars, and shot their sparks  
upwards so fiercely, that, so to  
speak, they seemed to contest for  
splendor with those lights with  
which the blue firmament was  
then

206. MEMOIRS of the

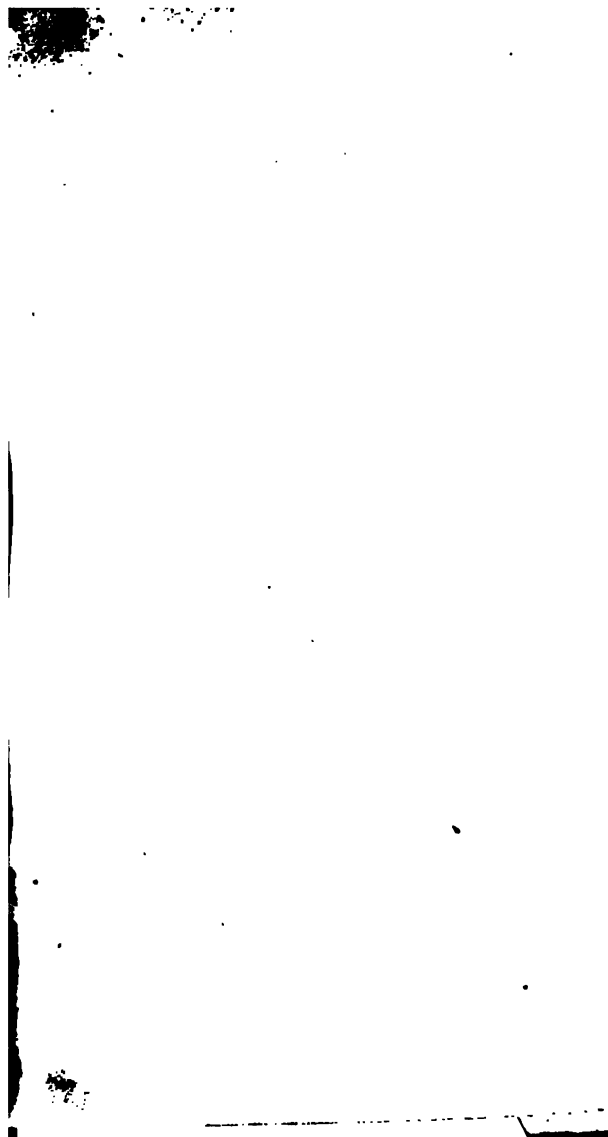
then embroïdered. We all immediately gueſſed it muſt be ſome veſſel on fire; and began to deplore their miſfortunes who were involved in that combuſtion. We ſtood looking upon it, till crimſon was beginning to glow in the Eaſt, and the flames grew pale at the approach of morning; when ſuddenly we diſcovered two perſons making towards the ſhore, which they ſaw already near them. One was a woman, who was ſitting on a maſt; the other a man, who, ſwimming after it with all his power impelled it towards the ſhore. I preſently ſtripped into my ſattin waſtcoat and filk drawers, and threw myſelf into  
the

Chevalier PIERPOINT. 207  
the sea. As I could swim well,  
I in a little time reached the mast,  
and bidding the man employ what  
strength he had left to gain the  
land, I took hold of the mast, and  
drove it before me with such suc-  
cess, that I quickly found a bot-  
tom. Then releasing the lady from  
the mast to which she was fa-  
stened, I led her to the land,  
where the man in a short time ar-  
rived. I had no sooner brought  
the lady, who seemed to have  
been richly dressed, on the bank  
of the sea, than she let herself fall,  
being faint with fatigue; nor  
could command force enough to  
return thanks to me, even with a  
look. Sophron immediately hast-  
ed



ed home, whence he presently returned with cordials and some reviving perfumes; by the help of which we brought the lady to herself, and then conducted her to the habitation of the philosopher. An apartment was ordered for her, and apparel, such as was suitable to one of rank; for such she seemed by her dress and appearance. We left her to her repose, and all withdrew to rest.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.





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